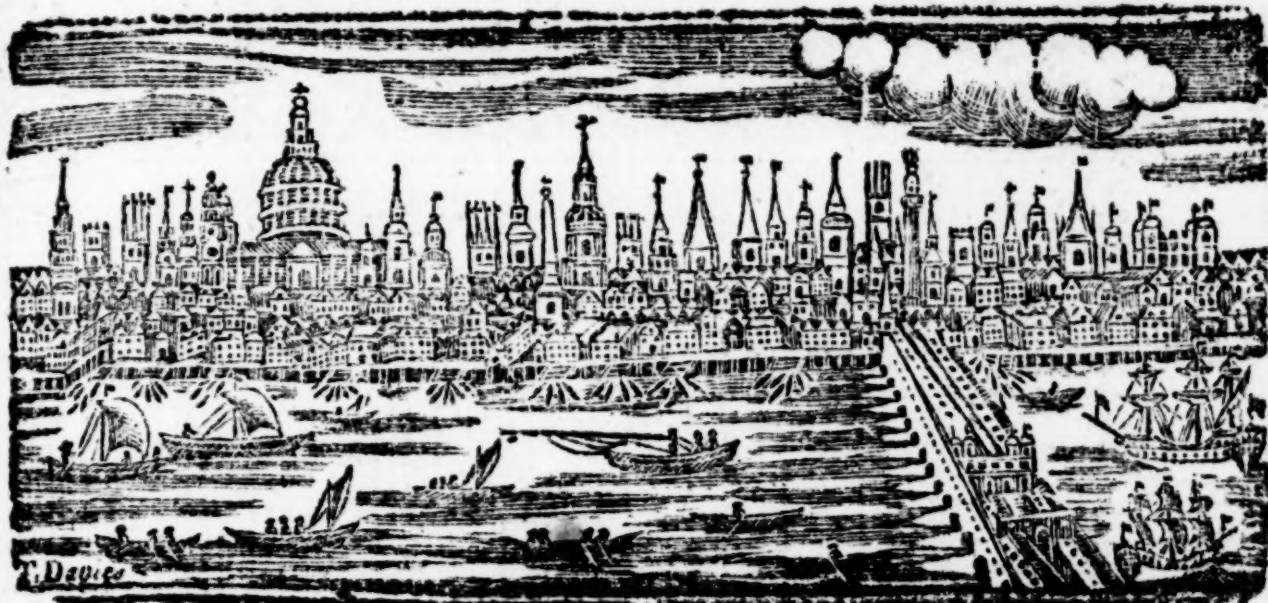


THE LONDON MAGAZINE :



OF, GENTLEMAN'S Monthly Intelligencer.

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An elegant Engraving of the Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c.

AND

A picturesque View of the VALLEY OF STONES, near Linton, in Devonshire, neatly engraved.

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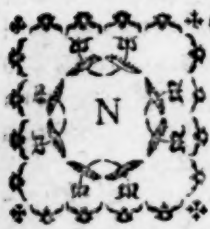


The Right Hon^{ble}
WILLIAM PITT ESQ^R
Chancellor of the Exchequer
&c.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE,
FOR DECEMBER, 1782.

ANECDOTES OF THE RIGHT HON. THE CHANCELLOR
OF THE EXCHEQUER.

(With a striking likeness, drawn from an original painting.)



No study can be more liberal or more interesting than that of politics, as it involves the radical principles, the adjustment, and the execution of whatever is most essential and valuable to society. On this theatre variety of new characters incessantly come forward, and, by their virtues and abilities, or their venality and insignificance, merit the approbation or censure of cotemporaries. Here the arts of legislation are acquired, all the primary rights or claims of mankind compared, arranged, and harmonized, and the great and complicated science of government at once taught and reduced to practice.

In this school, the numerous and illustrious race of heroes and statesmen, who grace and immortalise the British annals, had the rudiments of those virtues which gave elevation to their characters and stability to their fame. The genius of our constitution ever according with the ardour, the magnanimity, and the enterprise of the sublimest minds, has kindled from time to time and kept alive those sacred regards for the rights of humanity, and that generous contempt of danger and death which uniformly accompany and second all the exertions of patriotism.

Among these gallant and bold assertors of liberty and independence, one of the latest, but none of the least, was the celebrated father of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. And surely while the history of this country occupies the attention, or interests the hearts of men, the talents, the publick virtues, and the political measures of Chatham will be related with admiration, and remembered with gratitude.

The right honourable gentleman, to whom these anecdotes more directly re-

late, was born May 28, in the memorable year of 1759, when the glory of his father's administration was at its height; when the British flag was every where triumphant; when our arms were victorious, our merchants successful, our enemies humbled, and our people happy. No æra could possibly be more auspicious to the birth of great talents. Nor did these discover themselves by such puerilities as are calculated only or chiefly to flatter paternal fondness. Attention, assiduity, and correctness in accomplishing the several tasks imposed for giving him a proper command of the various elements of grammar and science, were the principal indications of genius which distinguished his earlier years. Amidst the greatest publick concerns, a complication of bodily infirmities, and the rapid decline of life, his noble father tended his rising mind, and cherished his opening understanding with the most anxious solicitude and delight.

The moment his knowledge of the classics was deemed sufficient to qualify him for the higher parts of literature, he was sent to the university of Cambridge. It was here his character began to form, and where the lessons he had received from his father took their first effect. What specimens he had given of his elocution or political address, we cannot positively say, but the university were soon pretty generally impressed with an apprehension of the figure he was destined to make. Young and unexperienced as he then was, many of his most intimate cotemporaries proposed him as no improper person for representing that ancient and learned body in parliament. This, however, being a contested election, he politely declined, and was chosen member for Poole.

Both his eloquence and his principles

ples distinguished him in the House of Commons. He took an immediate and decided part with that noble band of patriots, who, headed by a Fox and a Burke, struggled so long, so ardently, and so generously to recover the fallen credit and restore the expiring vigour of the British empire. The first speech he delivered made the deepest and most universal impression in his favour. It astonished and overpowered the House. The genius of the immortal Chatham was in some degree recognized and felt in the language, the conception, the manner, and the sentiments of a boy.

The Tory administration was evidently now on the decline, and the influence, the address, and the repeated exertions of this young orator did not a little contribute to precipitate their downfall. The numerous and respectable admirers of the father were willing, at least in this instance, to bring forward and even to exaggerate the promising merits of the son.

In return for the complaisance of the people, he entered warmly into their cause, and publicly pledged himself as the champion of their rights. His motion for a committee of the House to consider or consult the most proper means of accomplishing a more equal representation of them in parliament, did him infinite honour. The proposition was rejected, but the evil from that moment attracted the most general and solicitous attention. And it is most earnestly and devoutly to be wished that an object of so much magnitude and interest may never lose the held which it now has of the publick enquiry, solicitude, and concern, 'till the desires of the people have their full effect, and obtain the sanction of the legislature.

The sagacity of this juvenile senator, or his attention to his own importance, was not improperly evinced on the late change of administration, when Lord North and his friends were dismissed from the service of the publick. He foresaw the revolution, and gave every assistance in his power to accomplish it. To the great leaders of this arduous and successful opposition, however, his carriage became suddenly distant and reserved. And in the general arrangement which immediately took place he refused being a Lord of the Admiralty, though tendered to him with the most flattering marks of respect, and the strongest assurances of future advancement.

The system of politics adopted by the Rockingham administration differed from that of his father, and from that to which he professed himself the staunchest attachment, very immaterially. With the new ministry, however, he never acted cordially, and from the heart. Whether he thought his noble relation, Lord Malton, neglected, his own consequence and popularity not sufficiently nursed and caressed, or the superior genius of a Fox and a Burke an insuperable obstacle to an official connection, or even a political friendship, is not certain. The premier claims all the merit of his tuition, and perhaps what the publick attributed to caprice, might chiefly originate in an implicit submission to the stratagems or intrigues of his Lordship.

The death of the Marquis of Rockingham forms no inconsiderable epoch in the political history of this country. The ministerial arrangement of that amiable and patriotic nobleman was formed on a broad and solid basis. But the many elevated and princely qualities which adorned his personal character seemed to be the key stone of an arch not destined to survive him. This glorious structure like every mortal one carried in its own bowels the seeds of its dissolution. Sound and substantial as the foundation was, what could be expected from materials which wanted adhesion.

Lord Shelburne, by wriggling himself into the favour of his sovereign, was appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury. But the more discerning, disinterested, and patriotic of the late arrangement knew their man too well, to deem their situation, however lucrative and respectable, any longer eligible. And whatever sarcasms in these times of venality, and among the parasites of an administration so notoriously branded with duplicity, may be uttered and insidiously circulated against a secession from the cabinet on this occasion, it will be esteemed by the wisest and best of the species to the latest posterity, as one of the noblest sacrifices ever made to the injured shrine of publick virtue.

The little plodding genius of the premier was singularly gratified by this unexpected event. The parts and virtues of those who resigned were not of a sort to conciliate with his. And we most sincerely regret that a single atom of the Chatham family should ever have had the misfortune to share the obloquy his

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his politics are likely to bring on the national counsels. But nothing promised so complete a remedy to the schism now effected as assigning to Mr. Pitt an ostensible office in administration.

He was accordingly promoted, in June last, to be Chancellor and Under Treasurer of his Majesty's Exchequer, and sworn of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council. The business of this office is peculiarly complicated and immense. The various emoluments it accumulates are enormous, and make an adequate recompense for the great responsibility it requires. The form and routine of business, however, depends but little on the Chancellor, as it is uniformly carried on by such as are bred and appointed for the purpose.

A Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the age of twenty-three, was a natural object of public curiosity and speculation. The multitude gazed on him as a supernatural being, endowed with the power of working miracles. But to those who founded the policy of his appointment, this idol of the people, this redeemer of his father's fame, this inheritor of a Chatham's capacity, patriotism, and oratory, was no more than the ill-starred puppet of a ministry without solidity, union, or credit. And nothing marks the extreme abjectness and impotence of the predominating principle in the present prevailing system more than the fulsome attention so officiously paid to the name, the effigy, the echo, and the very mimic of Pitt.

Extraordinary elevation, especially for youth, is a most invidious situation. Mr. Pitt's popularity was not yet sufficiently established to sustain such a shock unimpaired. The public perceived no defects in the son till he avowedly relinquished the footsteps of the father. At the very point where the comparison which their fond imaginations had substituted between them failed, they deemed their expectations frustrated, and censure took place of approbation! *Would a man, they now ask in the language of regret, who valued no distinction so much as honesty or honour, have acted under a character altogether destitute of this cardinal virtue? Would he whose principles were always open and decided have given a sanction to measures formed on no principle? Would he, after reprobating one administration for their hostility to the constitution, have made part of another constituted, though by less avowed means,*

for accomplishing the same object? Would one of his manly, undisguised, and undesigning sentiments have meanly endeavoured to smother a declaration which had escaped him, at a moment when all the generosity of his nature was alive? Would Chatham who regarded every thing false, equivocal, or hollow, as base and contemptible, have ever sat on the same bench in an official capacity, with a colleague whose public character is marked only by a treacherous desertion of his friends and principles? Would he who steadily met every species of worth, with a mixture of reverence and enthusiasm, have treated one of the first senators for ability, industry, and public spirit, that ever sat in a British senate, with all that supercilious puerility, and that arrogant petulance which emphatically mark the transitory ferment, and froth of place and power? Then might have been seen the noble and capacious genius of his venerable father, which had still kept hovering around him, and cherished till now his juvenile exertions, leaving him indignantly to all the mortification of chimerical vanity and abortive ambition.

The novelty unavoidable from any degree of excellence in a very young practitioner, being once over, men often blush for their first conceptions of what they afterwards despise. The eloquence of Mr. Pitt is no longer possessed of those charms with which its maiden exertions were accompanied. His present situation obliges him to be often on his legs, and he seldom rises without losing some of the admiration he formerly possessed. The House no longer listens to him with implicit or even profound attention. To be heard, he is already under the necessity of speaking out. His diction, however, is singularly pure and classical. And though his speeches are marked with few strong points, though his reasoning has but little force, and his declamation no poignancy; though he sometimes insults the judgement of his auditors by a mere sonorous arrangement of vocables in place of argument, his replies are generally happy, his ideas clear and unembarrassed, his remarks always pertinent, and he often hits the point in debate with precision and elegance. To a manly and genteel figure he adds a musical voice and a graceful manner. But he wants that enthusiasm, that comprehension and fertility, that pathos and majesty which alone constitute true oratory.

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. No. LXIII.

Ὅσον δὲ ἂν ἀτρεμίῃ ὁ ἐγκεφαλὸς τοσούτων καὶ φρονεῖ χρόνον ὁ ἄνθρωπος.

HYPOCRATES.

“When the brain is quiet, then is a man wise.”

I Have for so long a time been free of the direful malady from which the title of this periodical paper is taken, that I almost begin to forget that I ever was afflicted with it; and as Philip of Macedon had one, who every morning when he awaked, put him in mind that he was a man, it may become necessary for me to be put in mind that I am an Hypochondriack. I desire to be sincerely grateful to God, for the ease and comfort which I now enjoy; and as in a plenteous season one should provide against scarcity, and in the time of health against sickness, so while my mind is clear, let me think of means by which the clouds which will probably gather again may be dissipated.

As a treasure upon the subject which is most chiefly interesting to them, I recommend to my fellow sufferers from *Hypochondria*, one of the most curious books that ever was compiled, “*The Anatomy of Melancholy*,” by Robert Burton, an Oxonian, of the learned age of James I. He assumes the name of *Democritus, junior*, as the author of this wonderful performance, which is indeed an aggregate of more variety of thinking both ancient and modern, in the very words of innumerable writers, than has ever been brought together by any one man. I have the sixth edition of this work, printed at London in 1668. It is a thick folio consisting of seven hundred twenty-three pages, besides seventy-eight of a prefatory address to the reader. It has every species of melancholy, its causes and its cures minutely delineated, and abounds not only in learning, but in vivacity; tinged, however, with what many would now call the superstition of the time in which he lived. In that very entertaining collection “*Granger’s Biographical History of England*,” we are told “He composed this book with a view of relieving his own melancholy: but increased it to such a degree, that nothing could make him laugh but going to the bridge foot, and hearing the ribaldry of the

bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter. Before he was overcome with this horrid distemper, he, in the intervals of his vapours, was esteemed one of the most facetious companions in the University. His epitaph at Christ Church, in Oxford, intimates, that excessive application to his celebrated work, was the occasion of his death. *Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic jacet Democritus, Junior, cui vitam dedit & mortem melancholia.*” The meaning of this epitaph, penned with conceit, is—“Known intimately to a few, unknown by fame to still fewer, here lies *Democritus, Junior*, to whom melancholy made to live in extensive reputation, and occasioned his natural death.” He concludes his *Anatomy of Melancholy* with these short admonitions, the last of which is most proper for me at present “*Sperate miseri, cavete felices.*—Let the wretched hope and the happy take care.” I believe the book is become very scarce. I should think a new edition of it would be acceptable.

There is too general a propensity to consider *Hypochondria* as altogether a bodily disorder, and I lately got from France a very ingenious little treatise upon it, published in 1779, entitled, “*Recherches sur la Cause des Affections Hypochondriacques. Par M. Claude Rezzillen, Docteur en Medecine*,” which professes to manage vapours in the human constitution, with the same facility that a good naturalist commands air to come and go in any material substance, and it may be useful to many patients. There is no doubt a kind of *Hypochondria*, which although the mind be in some degree affected, is merely corporeal, and may be removed, by exercise. Of this kind, *Churchill* says, in his *Gotham*:

“Thus the shrewd doctor in the spleen
Struck mind, [wind,
When pregnant horror sits and broods o’er
Discarding drugs, and striving how to please,
Lures on insensibly by slow degrees

The

The patient to those manly sports which bind,
The slacken'd sinews and relieve the mind.
The patient feels a change as wrought by
health,

And wonders on demand to find it health."

And in the last poem of an anonymous collection, printed for *Gillyflower* in Westminster-Hall, 1694, I find the following couplet:

"Physicians in this malady abjure;
"Seek not the *Wells* but *Gallies* for thy cure."

Of the epistles of Hypocrates there is one entitled "*Περὶ μανικῆς λογος*, A Discourse concerning Madness," from which I have taken the motto of this paper. He tells us that the brain is disturbed either by phlegm or by bile. That the first produces dull madness, the latter produces furious madness, and he recommends different medical treatment accordingly. But there is doubtless a madness seated much deeper, a disorder in the mind itself, which neither the most potent medicines nor most violent exercise can remove. That man is composed of two distinct principles, body or matter, and mind, I firmly believe; and that these mutually act one upon another, is, I think, very certain. That the body influences the mind is commonly admitted; and it is equally certain that the mind influences the body; a doctrine elegantly illustrated by the late *Dr. Nichols*, in his *Oration de anima Medica*. *Dr. Battie*, in his *Treatise on Madness*, a book sufficiently corporeal, allows *original* madness to be incurable, or that which is owing to a fault in the first formation of the organs, while he maintains that *consequential* madness, owing to some accidental hurt or disorder, may be cured. But it will be found, upon a fair enquiry, that many cases of super-venient madness, both dull and furious, have baffled all the art and power of physick. The unfortunate incurables in St. Luke's Hospital, which I have visited out of sad curiosity, are not all the victims of native insanity.

It was once proposed to me as a difficult problem, by an elegant lady of

good understanding, but subject to Hypochondria, how to account for that complaint, being sometimes most uneasy when one is to all appearance in the best health. My solution of this problem, is, that often when there are no visible symptoms of bodily disorder, the finer parts, the nerves, or the nervous fluid, or whatever is the exquisite seat of sensation and sensibility, may be hurt and fretted, of the effects of which, in variety of degrees, every person of any delicacy of feeling has had experience: or the mind may be sick, it may be "full of scorpions," or have "a pale cast of thought" altogether unconnected with the state of the body. "*Mens sana*—a healthful mind" is quite distinct from "*corpore sano*—a sound body;" and when the mind is sick it is certain that bodily pain is a relief by diverting the attention from a deeper to a slighter distress.

All the modes of cure—exercise—medicine—amusement—study—must be tried. Sometimes one will be successful, sometimes another. I have in a former paper earnestly recommended piety in a particular manner to those who are afflicted with *Hypochondria*. And I would now enforce my counsel by the consideration that I have a belief that the malady is sometimes owing to the influence of evil spirits. I shall conclude this paper with some verses upon the dire disease in different views, which I composed many years ago.

For me, a man of melancholy mind,
To suffer much in this rude world design'd,
Who oft in dreary sadness pass the day,
Forc'd through the thickest gloom to grope
my way.

Whether some dæmon from Hell's region sent
Permission has my being to torment,
Or Justice orders that my soul should groan
For former deep offences to atone;
Or if black vapours of this earthly frame
Can half extinguish my æthereal flame,
I cannot tell!—I only kiss the rod
With a firm faith in my eternal God!
Whom I adore with a devotion pure,
Sure he is good as of his power I'm sure.
Sure that his creatures must in end be blest
With pious hope I calm my troubled breast.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONG all the masterly productions which have lately distinguished your monthly miscellany, the

*Catechism for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel**, seems one of the most finished and the most useful. It gives a just and

* See our Magazine for last month.

and an affecting picture of the times, and brings to light those unprincipled plans of action which, especially of late years, have so foully debauched the minds and manners of the multitude. The period has at last come, when the people of this country are lost to every sense of honest shame! Reason has no longer any real influence on their conduct. The very distinctions of right and wrong are extirpated from their hearts and pursuits, by a criminal attachment to scenes of the lowest and basest indulgences, by the grossness of venality, and the madness of ambition!

Never was the honest and manly indignation of a Juvenal more needed than at present. This key to the ar-

cana of the *beau monde* very happily connects profligacy in morals with versatility in politics, and by exposing corruption in high life takes one very probable step or means to prevent it in low. These few things I have presumed to say in consequence of the very great satisfaction, which in company with a number of my friends, I have received from the particular article now mentioned in the London Magazine for November last. Nor have I met with one who does not wish sincerely to see the conclusion of a performance which must be very generally acceptable because it comes so immediately home to the common concerns of life.

AN E C D O T E S.

Anecdote of Mons. DE SARTINE.

AN Irish gentleman, who wished to purchase an estate in France, lodged his money in the hands of a banker, who took it, as common on the continent, without giving the gentleman a voucher; but lodged it in an iron chest, and gave to the gentleman the key. When the contract for the purchase was made, he called on his banker to receive his cash, when the latter peremptorily denied his having received any such sum, or having any money transaction whatever with the gentleman. In this dilemma the injured party was advised to apply to M. de Sartine, and he accordingly did so, and told him his story. The minister sent for the banker, and asked him, if he had not received such a sum? The banker steadily denied it. "Very well (replied M. de Sartine) then sit down and write a letter which I shall dictate to you, and you shall continue in the room with me until the answer arrives." Paper was brought, and Sartine dictated, and made him write a letter to his wife, to the following effect:—"My dear wife, you must immediately send to me the sum which Mons. ——— left in my hands, and which was deposited originally in the iron chest, in the counting-house, but was removed you know whither. You must send it instantly, or else I shall be sent to the Bastille. I am already in the hands of justice." The banker

stared—"Mon Dieu! (says he) must I send this letter to my wife?"—"You must (says the minister): I dare say, that if you are guilty of the robbery, your wife, who is remarkable for her ingenuity, was privy to it, and she will obey your commands: if you are innocent, she cannot comprehend the order which you send, and will say so in her answer. We will make the experiment, and if you resist, you shall go immediately to the Bastille." The resolution was decisive. The letter was sent, and in less than an hour the money was brought in the bags in which it was originally sealed, and restored to the original owner. M. de Sartine discharged the banker, telling him the matter should be kept a secret, provided he acted with more faith and honesty for the future.

A Circuit Bon Mot.—Some few years since a Counsellor Vansittart went the Oxford circuit, and that eminent and facetious counsel, Mr. Bearcroft, went the same circuit. Mr. Bearcroft one day, in his usual droll manner, told Vansittart he thought his name was rather too long, and tedious to pronounce: "Suppose, for shortness, we agree to call you *Van*, and leave out *sittart*."—"With all my heart (says Vansittart) if you'll do the same—strike off the *croft*, and let us call you *Bear*."

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.
A CRITIQUE ON POPULAR PREACHING.

IN the present classical and enlightened age of science and philosophy it seems not a little surprising, that no attention is paid to the eloquence of the pulpit. Every other species of human ingenuity is readily, liberally, and universally encouraged, in proportion as cultivated and improved. What branch of literary composition is not distinguished by emulation and competition, Nothing appears on the theatres, in places of public resort, among the assemblies of the gay, or in the circle or retinue of the great, which does not engross the general speculation, and become the universal subject of praise or blame. On but a new colour or mode in dress, a new caper in dancing, a new air in music, a new puppet in a farce, or a new gesticulation among the Harlequin tribe in pantomime, all Grubstreet are let loose, and because the humour of the mob is tickled, a paroxysm of scribbling and criticism must be affected. But that sublime art which is the offspring of Heaven, which was taught and exemplified by the great *preacher of righteousness*, and which has no other object than to interest and improve, to purify and exalt the sentiments and actions of men, is notwithstanding treated by all ranks with a shyness or neglect as opprobrious to taste and letters, as it is injurious and derogatory to the honour and utility of this sacred and venerable institution.

The end of Preaching.

PERHAPS the most essential quality of good preaching is to make men attentive and serious, composed and thoughtful. An audience, gazing with a mixture of satisfaction and levity at the preacher whose address or ingenuity amuses their fancies, or excites their applause, is not in a very apt disposition for the useful reception of sacred truth. Nothing light or flashy is in the least acceptable to the mind when deeply affected. Men relish the great doctrines of morality and religion only in proportion as convinced of their reality, importance, and necessity. To make them sufficiently sensible of their circumstances, and how admirably adopted christianity is to alter and amend them, they must be

LOND. MAG. Dec. 1782.

made acquainted with their own hearts and lives. Few even of the most flagitious, are callous and unprincipled enough to regard their numerous imperfections, and their dreadful consequences thus forcibly and seriously exposed, with any degree of indifference and tranquility. It was a generous and princely compliment which Lewis the Fourteenth paid the Bishop of Clermont, who was the best preacher, perhaps, that ever France produced: "Father (said he) many preachers have the art of pleasing me exceedingly, but thou art the only one among them all who hast the power of always making me displeased with myself."

In the sermons of Jesus.

The whole need not the physician, but they that are sick, said the great father and master of the art. What were all the sermons and actions of the blessed Jesus, but a pertinent commentary on this text. He brought men back from the various frivolous and abortive pursuits, to which mortals are so naturally addicted, and roused them to a serious and operative solicitude about their own present and immortal welfare. His doctrines were all great and interesting, filled the capacities of his hearers, and awakened their feelings and apprehensions, at the same time that they enlightened, elevated, and enlarged their understandings. Such is the temper of mind, which he made it the sole business of his ministry on earth to cultivate and cherish, and on which the obvious and invariable tendency of all his miracles, parables, preaching, and conversation, was to stamp the most permanent and substantial impressions of goodness and virtue.

To this great and ultimate object he bended all his attention. Nothing once escaped him which was not calculated rather to convict and reform, than astonish and amuse his hearers. He aimed not at the popularity or good opinion of any, but the utility of all. His strictures were pointed not to the tastes or fancies, but to the consciences and lives of the world. He did not wantonly degrade the knowledge of the knowing, nor insult the ignorance of the

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the ignorant. His language and ideas, equally and always derived from nature and experience, were all most perfectly applicable to the dearest and tenderest concerns of humanity. It was not the professors of science, the doctors of philosophy, the learned, the theoretical, the speculative, or the giddy, but men and women, and young and old, in as many stations as it is possible to subsist in society, whom he addressed, and he addressed them in terms which they could neither mistake nor misapply.

He neither soared above the discernment of the vulgar, nor sunk beneath the taste of the learned. Such fragments of his occasional discourses as are literally preserved in the history of his life, are not quaint, insipid, silly, or equivocal, but natural, weighty, plain, and direct, often beautiful and elegant, never artificial or refined, sometimes pathetic and sublime, on no occasion whatever frivolous or flowery. He never used technical or hard words, logical definitions, verbose circumlocutions, or laborious descriptions: but every expression which proceeded from his divine lips was most perfectly simple and unadorned. In short, he was always intelligible, and always to the purpose, but he humoured the habits, flattered the passions, spared the vices of none.

With what candour, with what simplicity, with what majesty, precision, and ease does he not enforce the nicest duties, and expose the most imperceptible deviations of life. Would he check prodigality, and caution the young against impatience under the restrictions and corrections of the aged, he indulges not a series of cynical reflections, but exhibits a young man born to the finest prospects, and yet reduced by his own extravagance to a state of the most abject destitution. Would he reprobate a mercenary and covetous heart, he adopts not the empty declamations of philosophy, but points out a wretch who never thought of enjoying what he had, till the very moment death deprived him of it all. Would he justify the unequal distributions of providence, and reconcile the suffering part of the species to present adversity, he states a contrast between the virtuous poor, and the profligate rich, which can only be exemplified in another world, where we see a beggar reposing in

the bosom of the blessed, and a man of fortune bellowing in vain, for but a drop of water to cool his tongue.

In this practical and emphatic manner he taught and preached, whose divine example it is the duty, the interest, the glory of all other preachers to imitate. He was not like many of them, so anxious to dazzle and captivate the affections as to better the heart, strengthen the hopes, and give sublimity and expansion to the sentiments and desires of men. He rested not the welfare of mortals on any thing independent of a pure mind, and a worthy life, and neither should they. His terms of acceptance with heaven were what their's should be, *keep the commandments*. He told his hearers, as they should do their's in his name, *blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy*. And they have the same authority which he had for applying to their auditors what he said to his, *by the word now spoken shall ye be judged*.

How nearly those preachers among us who are most followed, copy this heavenly original, can be no unpleasing and may be a profitable speculation. Preaching, however, has been too long out of repute in the church, to be an object of general emulation. No art can prosper which is not properly encouraged, and here this is deemed at last wholly beneath the ambition of genius. Perhaps dulness, epidemical as it is, discovers no where so much awkward effrontery, or so many soporific qualities, as in canonicals. Among the many honourable exceptions to this remark, which do credit to the religious establishment of this country, not a few, to the singular credit of our present dignitaries, of the wisest best, and most respectable for talents and literature, are still to be found in very inferior stations. But these, for the most part, moderate in their desires, and reserved in their manners, are not so ambitious of popular distinction or vulgar applause, as of embellishing their profession by their personal virtues, and doing their duty to the satisfaction of their own hearts.

Dissenters, among whom so much depends on exertion, are most likely to excel in the acquisition at least of popularity. Some preachers of this denomination have lately, especially, been much celebrated. And novelties are naturally attractive,

attractive wherever they appear. Monkwell-street, the Old Jewry, and Salters-Hall, are at present it seems, distinguished by three of the most famous in this metropolis. An impartial statement of their respective powers and abilities in their profession will be no inadequate illustration of the subject.

Monkwell-Street.

THE system of Preaching which for a number of years has prevailed in this place has been attended with various success. Here popularity like the water its natural emblem, has been constant only in ebbing and flowing. Sometimes the most elegant and elaborate harangues have been delivered to a few, at other times a most brilliant assembly have been amused only with a rude explosion of verbosity and affectation.

This preacher has notwithstanding an undoubted claim to originality. Possessed of great extempore powers, a rich imagination, a copious flow of language, a polished and correct taste, and the art of delivering himself with a natural dignity and emphasis, he has not improperly been stiled the Cicero of Preachers, and his Meeting-House the Temple of Eloquence.

Qualities thus singular and eminent were calculated to make a general impression. In every art and profession, a real master uniformly accumulates fame and admirers. For years no place of worship was ever attended with a more crowded, a more splendid, or a more regular audience than this. The pews, the areas, the doors, and even the entry, were incessantly filled with people of the genteelst appearance, and all the adjacent streets and passages every where were quite choked, or blocked up with carriages.

This congregation, however, diminished as insensibly as it increased. Not all the abilities and address of, perhaps, one of the first and most excellent preachers in the world could preserve such a concourse of people for any length of time. So extremely fleeting and evanescent is the most flattering degree of popular applause. The Doctor knew the world too well to be much disappointed or chagrined. It was not a little consolation to him, that even Garrick found a temporary retreat, essential to the preservation of his credit with the public.

In truth he owed all his distinction

solely to the superiority of his parts. His feelings were not of a kind to assimilate with those of a mob. There was nothing common in their tempers, manners, or minds. And he was not capable of stooping to any of those base or low born arts, by which only he could accommodate himself to their humour. Goldsmith, who was his very intimate friend, gives a very liberal idea of him in the following lines:

Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

He has been loaded with imputations of pride, as if he deemed it beneath him to be familiar with his auditory. Nor will we affect to acquit him of a stateliness which does by no means suit the situation of a dissenting minister. It is certainly no part of his practice to sneak about from house to house, to pry into the secrets of families; to make himself busy with the secular concerns of his congregation, to cajole the higher, and despise the lower of his followers, to gather every personal anecdote of every individual, and become an abettor or retainer of private scandal. To this most pitiful and ignoble mode of making and keeping proselytes he was not addicted. He has even oftener than once declared he would not share that man's purse who refused him a corner in his heart.

"Much fault by a certain class of critics has been found with his manner of preaching. They deem it extravagantly theatrical. His action strikes them as violent, grotesque, and unnatural. His rapidity or promptitude borders, in their apprehensions, on impertinence and garrulity. They conceive his declamation to be without energy or effect, his reasoning to be without conviction, the impression under which he affects to speak to be rather assumed than real, and many of his most popular gesticulations to be forced and forbidding. They think the tone of indignation not the most likely for recommending the amiable and interesting truths of religion, especially to young minds. Her authority in their opinion consists in majesty mingled with meekness and, grace, and like her author, she

seldom speaks in any other language than that of persuasion and benignity."

The length of this article does not permit us to enter more minutely into the subject. He is much too eminent not to be envied and traduced. Many of the most liberal and learned of his brethren, among the Nonconformists, have long regarded him with a shyness and aversion that reflects but little honour on their party. His congregation, however, among whom he has spent many of the happiest years of his life, still love and respect him with much sincerity. His parting with them on the present season, must be a very tender and affecting one. They will long remember his services with gratitude. And he was a man, whom, taken all in all, they will not soon find the like again.

The Old Jewry.

O Herries! while this pious institution lasts thy merits cannot possibly be forgotten. It rose under the auspices of thy tuition, and from thy laborious assiduity, acquired a certain degree of stability and consequence. And the largest multitude which can here assemble, may still be considered as a monument to the memory of thy popular address and abilities. To an understanding plentifully stored with every species of polite erudition and useful science, and a memory equally capacious and retentive, thou hadst the happiness to add a fertile imagination, a sound judgment, and a classical taste. In thy preaching were united simplicity and earnestness, the art of charming the fancy, and probing the heart, gravity without hypocrisy, and energy without enthusiasm. No meretricious embellishment was ever adopted to give a momentary glow or glitter to thy composition, which though without any affectation of fine language, a flowery stile, or an elaborate elocution, was always obvious, often animated, sometimes affecting, and occasionally both beautiful and sublime. These elegant and masterly talents, were still greatly surpassed by a warmth of sensibility and benevolence, as conspicuous as it was singular. Nature and culture conferred on thee this noble and humane distinction, but thy superlative goodness of heart was all thy own. What then shall we say to the approbation and caresses of mortals, who, for but a single foible, which indicated no criminality

of intention, no depravity of heart, could notwithstanding treat so much intellectual and moral worth, as insignificant and contemptible.

May the present popular successor of this very excellent preacher inherit all his merits and applause, without any of those grievous misfortunes, which by the perfidy of friends, and the envy of rivals, so deeply shaded the evening of his days. God forbid the imbecilities of human nature were in every instance thus cruelly chastised. But why are modesty, simplicity, and earnestness habitually banished from the pulpit by most of our juvenile orators, who start in this vulgar chase with confidence and enthusiasm. Are strong lungs, a wide throat, inflexible assurance, and a flippant tongue, the only requisites of pulpit eloquence? What a pity this genius did not form himself on the very inexceptionable mode which Swift prescribes, in a letter to a young clergyman. The preacher who, by a multiplicity of egotisms is eternally jostling in between you and the subject, must be disgusting. But, of all things, it seems most perfectly contemptible and sickening for a mere novice in years to give himself airs of a superior knowledge of the world, or acquaintance with life, especially in the hearing of many to whom he was only a school-boy. Remarks of this kind come from the aged solely with any degree of weight and propriety.

The parts of this forward youth are notwithstanding promising enough. He possesses at least great strength of memory, and a peculiar luxuriance of imagination, but his judgment is still immature, and his taste defective; his flashes are without heat, and his explosions without effect. He wants variety, sensibility, and solidity. The heart regards whatever he says with the most perfect indifference. His composition is too brilliant, his language too spruce, and his sentiments are too formal and polished, either to come from his own, or to reach the feelings of his auditors. He is fond of moral delineations, but his want of experience, and very reclusive habits of life make him do it very awkwardly. Indeed his harangues were calculated chiefly to dazzle, not to instruct his hearers; to tickle them into a good humour, not to impress them with a sense of their duty; to attract their admiration

admiration and applause, not improve their natures or better their lives.

Extempore speaking, which seems the capital ingredient in popular preaching, does not appear to be his *forte*. Even on a given subject, on which it may be supposed, he prepared himself by premeditation, we have seen him in much perplexity and confusion, and even not unfrequently at a loss for matter to save the poverty of his genius from vulgar detection. For it is with this sort of eloquence, as with a country dance, there is no other way of failing in it than by a full stop. Let us hope, however, that to such a capital miscarriage time and assiduity may yet render him superior.

There is also a species of moralizing which he frequently adopts, that seems nearly as exceptionable in sermons as in comedies. And, perhaps, we now require a Rehearsal to expose the oddities and improprieties of the former, as much as ever we did to reprobate and suppress those of the latter. A wag, who lately heard our Evening Lecturer, was at the trouble to mark down above a dozen of times in which, *The man who, &c.* in the true Joseph Surface style occurred in the course of a very short sermon. And he cannot surely abound either in language or ideas, who, in the brief round of thirty minutes, is reduced so often to use the same identical form of expression.

Perhaps it may be the very theatrical manner so cavalierly assumed by this pulpeteer, which makes such a noise, and draws around him such immense shoals of vagabond hearers. Monkwell-street is the school whence he evidently borrows his celebrated system of grimace and gesticulation. In the copy, however, we behold a most ludicrous exhibition of all the imperfections, but discern little or none of that transcendent excellence which marks the original. The doctor's action is only his own private manners, and habitudes dignified or raised, and suited to that peculiar temper of mind which his subject may produce, or that specific tone of sensibility which may accidentally arise either from his sentiments or situation. His scholar's, having no connection at all with the understanding, the passions or the heart, are no more in general than the wanton and arbitrary distortions of affectation. Nor does he ever wriggle

or writhe so violently, as when he has least to say, or when the things he says are least affecting, or least to the purpose. In short, his sole object seems to be to play with his audience, who are so far from appearing devout or serious, that they generally affect that light good-humour, only which in the theatres is a constant prologue to a peal of laughter, or a burst of applause.

Salters Hall.

EVERY preacher should undoubtedly be on his guard, that his audience do not over-awe him. There is notwithstanding a deference due to mankind, which no person of discretion, much less of delicacy, would in any instance, or on any occasion, wish to infringe. Modesty is a telescope to the beauties, presumption a microscope to the faults of the pulpit. We grant every thing to the unassuming, to the pert, ostentatious or forward, nothing at all. Diffidence always accompanies merit, is so natural an attendant on genius, that our expectations generally rise in proportion as it appears. This amiable disposition so happily pre-engages every feeling of the heart, that all possible allowance is made, and every apology sustained in its favour. But the selfish and arrogant appropriate so much to themselves, that they seem to preclude the applause or esteem of their hearers. Preachers of this description speak with such an arbitrary manner on the most disputable topics, that they challenge where they should convince, and command or menace, where it is their duty to solicit and persuade. Thus inflated or blown with the chimeras of self conceit, they forget that decency and complaisance to which an audience of reasonable creatures have a most unquestionable title, instead of pleasing disgust, and, while they affect to promote the cause of virtue and religion, only stimulate pride, partiality, and prejudice.

Though a preacher should not confound modesty with bashfulness, or diffidence with timidity, it is neither proper to exert his authority on all occasions, nor even decent to appear immoderately fond of it on any. It is the want of that earnestness which a real conviction of the truth, and a just regard for the value of religion, only inspire, to which almost every pulpit impropriety owes its existence. The preach-

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er who never enters deep enough into his subject, to be affected with it; whose heart has little or no concern in the matter, who thinks on nothing either about his hearers or himself, but their caprice and his own popularity, to compare small things with great, like a planet jostled from its sphere, flies off in a tangent, utters he knows not what, and wanders he knows not where.

To see a large congregation, many of whom have all the years, the gravity, consequence, and appearance even of senators, affecting to admire and to swallow with avidity the puerilities of a school-boy, is an object equally ridiculous and deplorable. Common sense, one might imagine, should teach a young man some respect at least for such an audience as this. But, of all animals, a pedant is the most incorrigible. Engrossed only by himself he aims at nothing but his own fame. Intoxicated with an imaginary conceit of his own superiority, all his attention is to preserve; he regards none who does not allow this flattering distinction. Thus egotisms, the perpetual badges of emptiness and insignificance, eternally degrade the most pathetic parts of his eloquence. *Nothing, says a masterly writer, can make a man more odious than pride, preaching up humility, and a man describing himself as exceedingly little, when it plainly appears, he has an idea of himself as exceeding great.*

It is impossible for a speculative mind at least not to be struck with the crouds which frequent this place. It does but little credit to the species, that the ablest and most rational sermons are often delivered to almost empty walls, while the mere prattling of a coxcomb assembles such multitudes. Nor is this the only instance in which the madness of the rabble magnifies the most glaring defects into so many perfections, and does that homage to the semblance which is only due to the reality of merit. Thus levity passes for spirit, vanity for consequence, antitheses for wit, assurance for dignity, pertness for grace, tattle for fluency, and loquacity for eloquence. Such is the metamorphosis which custom every where produces in the world. She changes goodness into

evil, makes devils of men, and, but for an all-controlling providence, would turn Heaven into Hell.

CONCLUSION.

Happy on comparison the preacher who with the natural, the manly, and commanding elocution of a Radcliffe, the masterly pathos and sensibility of a Fordyce, the easy, engaging, and persuasive acuteness of a Keppis, the very serious and earnest importunity of a Price, has no other object at heart than the moral worth, perfection, and happiness of those who hear him. He has the art of catching the level of ordinary as well as of elegant minds, by framing every address to the human heart on that general key in which its strongest sentiments are expressed, and with which its best emotions correspond. This, though more difficult to acquire than the nicest metaphysical precision, has the peculiar advantage of always procuring attention and applause. For popularity is still so essential to success, that he only despises it, who knows it to be beyond his reach, who prefers some passion less worthy of indulgence, or is more expert at flattering the vices of the rich than cherishing the virtues of the poor. There is no profession whatever which is not susceptible of quackery. Some tickle the humours and cajole the passions of the vulgar, while others interest and inflame them with perfect bustle and grimace. Between such a conduct and his who acts solely from a sense of duty, there is this remarkable difference, that though his hearers may be less struck with the preacher, they will certainly be more deeply affected by what he says. Most popular preachers only make their people restive and giddy, but all his endeavour is to make his wise and good. "Why?" said a famous preacher to a tragedian equally famous, why have your fictions such a forcible efficacy on the human passions, while we can hardly keep our hearers awake by truths of infinite consequence?" "Because," replied the actor, *we represent fiction as real, and you represent truth as fictitious; we speak as if we believed every thing we say; you as if you believed not one word of the matter.*"

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

DR. STUART'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND RESCUED FROM THE ILLIBERAL ASPERSIONS OF FALSE CRITICISM.

(Continued from page 527.)

AFTER these detections of character of the review of Dr. Stuart's work, it might perhaps be improper to prostitute the dignity of serious remark on his subsequent observations, did not this anonymous assassin of literary reputation endeavour to destroy the credit of the whole history, by an equally malevolent and unsupported insinuation. Finding it impossible to controvert the account which Dr. Stuart gives of Bothwell's seduction and rape of Queen Mary, he has recourse to the insidious stratagem of discrediting the history, by impeaching him of infidelity in quotation, and of blending his own reasonings upon facts, with those of the author's whom he cites.—Such a base surmise could have only originated in a mind hackneyed in the same mean and despicable practices. Unsupported by proof, as it stands in the page of the reviewer, it is a calumny.—If such are Dr. Stuart's infidelities in quotation, and sophistry in argument, why did not the Reviewer rescue his own character from the imputation of slander, by stating them to the public, or at least have displayed his metaphysical acumen, in exhibiting those fanciful speculations on fact, which he asserts are so artfully blended with the reasonings of those authors upon whose veracity, the credit of the history rests. Dr. Stuart's work, with all its defects, is still before the public. He has expressed his earnest wish "*to correct his mistakes.*" He has even challenged a cotemporary historian to point them out: and till this is done, the character of his history is not to be destroyed by the pitiful attacks of anonymous critics, or his fame lessened by the indignant and contemptuous silence of a rival historian, whose impositions and defects he has exhibited in too obvious a light to escape the attention of the public.

Nor is the imputation of partiality to certain writers, and of prejudice against others, thrown upon Dr. Stuart, less exposed to the merited severity of re-

mark. It is true that Dr. Stuart discovers no predilection in favour of Buchanan. Indeed his development of his character, as it is new, entitles him to entertain stronger suspicions of his character than any preceding historian. It is long since his testimony has been reprobated in the historical world. If therefore Spotswood, Hume, and others, have rested the point of relief being promised to Mary by her nobles during her captivity and seduction by Bothwell, upon the equivocal authority of Buchanan, which is a fact not questioned, their testimony in this instance is not to be credited, and Dr. Stuart is fully vindicated in rejecting it. But it is not solely upon such modes of reasoning that Dr. Stuart reprobates the idea of relief being promised to Mary by her nobles, so insidiously stated by Buchanan. Had the reviewer paid any degree of attention to the history, he would have discovered that Dr. Stuart founds his opinion upon much stronger reasons. The inconsistency of such a promised succour, with the bond subscribed by the nobility, and its reality never having been asserted by Murray and his party, and alledged by the most inveterate enemies of Mary, are strong circumstances against its existence. These presumptions are corroborated, and heightened into strong evidence, by a paragraph in Mary's public instructions to her ambassador, in which is the following expressive passage:—"That she saw no esperance to be rid of him (Bothwell) never man in Scotland mak and an mynt to procure our deliverance." How such a progress of reasoning, supported by so strong a fact, should have escaped the attention of a critic who censures with so much freedom Dr. Stuart's history is not to be explained upon the most favourable principles. Such inadvertency in a reviewer is no venial trespass. If it originated in intentional and voluntary omission, it is not only a proper subject of detection, but also of public resentment.

These

* Vide Dr. Stuart's Hist. Vol. I. page 229.

These specimens of the reviewer's judgment and fidelity, are surely sufficient to decide the candid part of mankind with respect to the credit due to a criticism founded in error, prejudice, and misrepresentation. It is, therefore, unnecessary to follow him any longer through his various sophistries, or to hold up his glaring inconsistencies to the eye of the public. His attempt to discredit Dr. Stuart's account of the forgery of the letters and sonnets to Bothwell, and his history of the condemnation of Mary, accomplished by the same atrocious crime, is a mere tilt at fact, and founded only in the

effrontery of *ipse dixit* assertion. It is fortunate for Dr. Stuart, that, amidst a zeal to discredit the more ingenious and distinguished parts of his history, there is an intrinsic merit in his work, which elevates it above the secret machinations of cowardly assassins, the contemptuous silence of mortified historians, and the open assaults of avowed enemies. It is indeed a *chef d'œuvre* of historical composition, and the fame it has conferred upon its author promises to be the more permanent, as it is not of that transitory nature that dazzles for a moment, but sinks with rapidity into the shade.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

TRUTH. AN ESSAY.

TRUTH is the first and most substantial feature in every great character. Without this every other quality loses its value, and the word of even the most accomplished gentleman on earth in all other respects, like a piece of false money, is blasted as it circulates.

Why is the human heart so constantly the object of all moral injunctions and requisitions? It is because habits of falsehoods and duplicity are as opposite to purity and peace of mind as darkness is to light, or as death is to life. The throne of God stands on immutable truth. Truth is the pedestal of all his works, the pillar of the universe, the beginning, and middle, and end of all things; and can man, who was made in the image and similitude of his maker, be destitute of truth? He may, and is, in a thousand instances, most certainly: but then he is only a shadow without a substance, a body without a soul, the hollow semblance of what he is not.

Surely nature, who deals in nothing empty or deceitful, has no concern in the creation of this curious fabrication. Her offspring is all genuine, and real throughout: she works only in originals; and whatever assumes her name, without this well known criterion, is spurious, and not her's. The man of politeness and fashion, the coxcomb, the parasite, and the courtier, being all only so many different modifications of

what is termed in vulgar phraseology a common *liar*, are none of her productions, but originate in froth, and owe their existence to a vapour.

In the common concerns of life, we neither buy nor sell, nor borrow nor lend, nor form connections, nor commence friendships, where we have no confidence. The great cement of every durable tie is wanting, and we have not even an inclination to unite where that assimilating quality, by which congenial minds are locked up in one another, is not.

Suspicion, that canker-worm of the heart, whether well or ill founded, is at the bottom of all that peculiar shyness, aversion, and disrespect that prey on the vitals, and rife, in fact, all the sweets of society. And shall they triumph in their imposition, whose shallow masques scarcely hide them from the world? How long shall Englishmen continue the dupes of every plausible appearance? How long shall they be to learn, that all fashionable substitutes of sterling worth are most perfectly insignificant and contemptible, and like the coarse, unseemly daubings of prostitutes, can only serve in the issue to heighten and expose the peculiar deformities they were meant to conceal.

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great!
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave;
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

YOU furnished your readers, in the Magazine for September, with an elegant and masterly parallel between Hume and Bolingbroke. The following one, between two living authors of great reputation, deserves also a place in your liberal miscellany. The comparison turns on the heads of *Originality, Narration, Drawing characters, Composition, or Style.*

I. ORIGINALITY.

THE first praise of an author is original genius. Invention, imagination, enthusiasm in poetry; ingenious discovery, profound thought, scientific arrangement, in prose, mark and illuminate this high and transcendent character. A mediocrity of talents; a timid and cautious deference to the prejudices of the age; and the ordinary capacity of decking out common topics, and received opinions with the tricks of rhetoric, and the trappings of language; may gain an easy reception into the world, and obtain the praises of the many, without exciting the envy of the few. But it requires a bold and inventive mind, that, scorning the trammels of authority, strikes out a path of its own; a lyncean eye, that surveys every corner of nature and of art, with "orient rays unborrowed of the sun;" and the treasures of original thought joined to the stores of acquired learning; to confer the higher honours of literature, and to give a title to the applause of ages to come. To these Dr. Robertson has no claim whatever. Nothing new or original, bold or inventive, is to be found in his works. He has collected with industry the observations of others; has availed himself of the discoveries of his cotemporaries; has seized and adorned the rising ideas of the age; but he has never in one instance extended the sphere of historical or philosophical discovery, or added the smallest accession to the common stock of learning. We here throw down the gauntlet, and bid defiance to his most credulous and most admiring flatterers, to produce a theory, a dissertation, or even a single thought, which we cannot trace to the source, and refer to the original owner. To invent and to embellish; to create and

to clothe; are very different operations. The ranks of the master and of the scholar are never to be confounded. To interpret Newton's philosophy, to explain Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, or to extend an observation of Hume to the length of a dissertation; will not entitle to the praise of Newton, of Montesquieu, or of Hume.

Dr. Stuart is known to the world, not only as a man of letters, but as a philosopher; and this last character he has carried into the province of history. Leaving it to the subalterns in literature to copy the errors, or to embellish the opinions of others, he claims the merit of discovery and original thought. Transcending vulgar prejudices, he hath dissipated errors that were hallowed by time; and, resisting the authority of great names, he hath asserted the rights of genius, and thought for himself. His *View of Society in Europe*, in its progress from rudeness to refinement, will, in particular, ever remain a monument of his ingenuity and erudition. He hath thrown light upon the darkness of the middle times, and brought out a beautiful fabric from the scattered and disjointed ruins of antiquity. In his *History of Scotland* the same original spirit is to be perceived; and it is a consequence of it, that he has been enabled to give a new face to a portion of story which has been treated over again in the different languages of Europe.

II. NARRATION.

Historical Narration ought to be clear, full, regular, and uninterrupted. In all these qualities, except the third, Dr. Robertson is eminently deficient. He is too attentive to ornament, to study perspicuity; nor does he employ what his rival so properly calls "a narrative that aims at simplicity, and that is ambitious to record the truth." His work has the air of an apology, not of a history. He pleads his cause like a lawyer; he attempts to wield the weapons of an orator; and seldom or never assumes the gravity and dignity of a judge. To prevent the reader from perceiving the contradictions in his narration, he sometimes covers himself

with darkness, sometimes with the glaring colours of false eloquence. Let an unbiassed reader peruse his account of Gowrie's conspiracy. He boasts of having placed "that transaction in a light that dispels much of the darkness in which it had been involved;" while all that he performs is to render the darkness more visible.

Nor is his narrative full or complete. He selects those portions of the Scottish History which he can adorn, but does not place the whole before the eye. He hastens over every part of his subject, except where Mary is concerned, and by this means gives his work the appearance of an historical novel. He never penetrates the veil of courts, nor removes the trappings of state. He relates public transactions without giving a picture of the times in which they happened; nor can we discover, from his history, that the manners of the Scottish nation, in the 16th century, were different from those of the present.

We allow him the just praise of that regularity, or rather uniformity, which proceeds from the want of genius. The dead sea never ebbs nor flows; nor has the artificial canal the sweep of a torrent. But the order of coldness or uniformity is not the order of dignity; and Dr. Robertson hath given us a happy exemplification of the mighty difference that there is between the proud pace of Pegasus, and the staid step of the waggon-horse.

To finish the list of his defects on this head, he is perpetually interrupting the course of history, and fatiguing the patience of his reader with unnecessary digressions and dissertations; a practice unknown to the ancients, and to those moderns who have imitated them most happily. We find no sermons in Thucydides, in Livy, or in Tacitus; in a Machiavel, a Voltaire, a Hume, or a Logan.

Dr. Stuart excels in all those qualities of style in which Dr. Robertson is so deficient. He places his subject before the eyes of the reader in its full dimensions, and in the fairest light. His narrative is united in all its parts; we carry the connexion in our minds; and readily adopt the conclusion which he draws. He unites perspicuity with conciseness; strength with elegance; dignity with spirit. He never interrupts the course of his narration to call

the attention of the reader upon himself. Having placed the finished picture before the eye, he retires; and leaves it to the vitiated taste of his flowery and unequal rival to surround his work with false brilliants that allure our attention from his subject.

III. DRAWING CHARACTERS.

To draw the characters of those illustrious personages who have figured in public life, is one of the most arduous, but most splendid labours of the historian. Dr. Robertson's attempts of this kind in his Scottish History have long been condemned by the judgment of criticism; and, by altering his manner in future efforts of a similar nature, he himself hath subscribed to the sentence. He sports with characters, instead of drawing them; to shew us what they *are*, he tells us what they *are not*; rings an alternate chime of praise and censure; and balances virtues and defects in a play of antitheses that degrades history. His portraits are without either life or resemblance. His character of Murray is inconsistent with itself; and his character of John Knox gives us no idea of that rustic apostle, and will apply to any reformer of any age.

Dr. Stuart has seized the true historic pencil; and employs it with a masterly hand. He copies from nature and life. He draws not figures that exist in the fancy, but the portraits of men who have figured on the great theatre of the world. All his efforts of this kind, particularly his characters of Lord Darnley, Murray, John Knox, Buchanan, Bothwell, Bishop Lesley, and Queen Mary, must strike every reader as striking delineations of human nature, and master pieces of composition.

IV. COMPOSITION, OR STYLE.

The style of Dr. Robertson met, at first, with the encomiums of the many, who believe without examination, and admire without reason. After being submitted to the fiery trial of criticism, it is discovered to be mechanical, unchaste, and poor.

The intention of language is to unfold thought, and style ought to vary according to the subject. The ancients, whom we must still confess to be our masters in almost every thing, had styles adapted and appropriated to every object of literature. Dr. Robertson never varies in his manner of writing. Whether

ther he draws the character of a Scottish Queen, or an Italian fiddler; whether he describes the fall of a kingdom, or the rise of the covenant; it is in the same sonorous periods, and with the same pomp and parade of inflated diction. A giant may move with ease as well as dignity: but he that walks on stilts, must strut with a stiff, as well as an uniform pace.

His style is unchaste as well as mechanical. He is a total stranger to that simplicity which is the basis of ornament; and knows not the soft ground that sets off flowers to advantage. He attempts to *dazzle*, not to *fill* the eye; and would rather please the ear by an harmonious period, than convey instruction to the mind. He never forgets that he is making sentences; nor loses sight of himself, even when he celebrates the beauty of Mary. He always attempts to shine, and gilds objects that

he ought only to describe. His style is not elegant, but gaudy; not beautiful, but beautified.

The style of Dr. Stuart is chaste, animated, simple, and grand. It varies with the subject; and joins elegance to propriety. He despises the rhetorical tricks that captivate vulgar ears; he scorns the meretricious beauties that allure vulgar eyes; and, in a strain of affecting, but masculine eloquence, he enlightens the understanding, and touches the heart.

Dr. Robertson writes to the many; Dr. Stuart to the few. The former scatters profusely the figures and flowers of false rhetoric; the latter employs the noble strains of true and unadulterated oratory. The one is a painted artificial image that may allure for a time; the other is a natural beauty that will charm for ever.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

GOSPEL QUACKERY;

OR,

The Art of Religious Swindling delineated and exemplified by a Variety of Maxims, founded on the Principles which regulate, and the Manners which distinguish the Society,

MAXIM I.

ALL success in gospel quackery, like that of knight errantry of romantic memory, is uniformly less or more, in proportion to the ignorance, the madness, and the boldness of the principal actors.

II.

Whatever their creed should be, however contradictory, absurd, or ridiculous, whoever swallows it implicitly and thoroughly, is necessarily right, and by consequence all others are necessarily wrong.

III.

Vulgar passions are roused and interested by nothing so much as those schisms, divisions, and subdivisions, into which the different sectaries of religionists have so frequently dwindled. These, therefore, are greedily adopted by all gospel quacks as naturally incorporating with the true genius of their trade.

IV.

They find it their interest, and their modesty on all such occasions is wonderfully exemplary, to arrogate exclu-

sively the favour of Heaven. And, to corroborate their plea, they reprobate in terms peculiarly daring and peremptory all who imbibe not their nostrums, nor adopt their fooleries.

V.

The most romantic and fascical singularities, when or wherever connected with any degree of pious formality or grimace, are admitted into the sacred catalogue of Christian virtues and as such recommended to the reverence and emulation of their own purblind followers.

VI.

All the most dirty and sneaking passions, those especially of the selfish and parsimonious kind, indeed whatever in the faculties of the mind, or the feelings of the heart has the least alliance to a starch exterior, or a gloomy physiognomy, it is usual perhaps because necessary to dignify with the holy appellations of prudent circumspection.

VII.

Though on certain occasions they may find themselves alike subject with other

other fallible mortals to the common elopements of humanity, every species of indulgence is carefully secreted from the profane observation of the world, and all the insignia of exterior sanctity most rigidly kept up.

VIII.

Nothing tends more effectually to the propagation and popularity of this puritanical and epidemical delirium than a happy dexterity in the arts of concealment and a masterly adroitness in all the most inveterate habits of disguise.

IX.

All gospel, like every other fraternity of quacks, pique themselves exceedingly on their pretensions to the exclusive possession of some valuable and extraordinary secret.

X.

Every inconvenience or hardship, whether real or fictitious, which they suffer in consequence of their obstinacy, absurdity, asperity, or intolerance, is bandied about among themselves, and announced to others under the dreadful name of persecution.

XI.

All the unsocial habits and fantastic austerities, which are commonly found in conjunction with a sour and saturnine disposition, they assiduously observe in their own practice, and impose on their votaries as indispensable canons of religion.

XII.

Wherever by accident or design, they happen to be convicted of any flagrant immorality, they easily rid themselves of the charge by referring the guilt to the frailty of humanity, or the prevalence of infernal agency, or in either case, with the Presbyterian parson of pious memory, resolve on making up to God some other way.

XIII.

Every evangelical swindler should keep the attention of such as he would chuckle out of their property as much awake as possible to his own case. And, for that reason, it is necessary on all occasions to enter on the minutest detail of what is called the soul conflicts of the preacher, that the hearers from the knowledge of his spiritual exercises may judge of their own.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE CHARACTER OF A GREAT MINISTER.

THE minister, who hopes to prosper, would adopt his mind, his habit, and his practice, to his peculiar situation. To poets and philosophers, he would leave the beauties of theoretic virtue. He would humble himself to the plain imperfect condition of mankind, and govern himself accordingly. He would leave craft for candour, subtilty for solidity, and fluctuation for firmness. He would abandon integrity for expediency, and confirm that cunning was more beneficial than capacity. For open and decisive measures, he would have a silent system of dark and imperceptible operations; no matter how despicable, so it is obscure. As Egyptian priests concealed the frauds of their religion, so should a minister hide the weakness of his projects, under the mask of mystery. He would have all the show of personal attachment, over the most fixed contempt, for genuine friendship. A minister would declare and deny the declaration, assert and revoke the assertion. He would now

seem completely decided upon a measure, which the next day he should reprobate, as never entering into his head.

He would have a temper to accommodate every kind of inconsistency. Above all other artifices a minister would excel at intrigue. Intrigue is a magical vestment, which would afford him a cloak in all his transitions, variations, and windings; if, like a Proteus, he assumed all shapes, natural and unnatural. A minister would stop short at no impediment to obtain his object, though he break through all the barriers of private friendship and public consistency. He would study the leading weakness, and predominant attachments of the sovereign, and administer most devoutly to his wishes, either as the pimp of his loose passions (according to the inclination of the prince) or the pander to his political principles, however mistaken or fatal. He would represent the popularity of a rival, as treason against the state, and the dissatisfaction of the people against him-
self

self as a disaffection to the monarch. He would do whatever elevated and strengthened his own power, and neglect *nothing* that tended to degrade or injure his enemies and opponents.

A judicious minister must be always suspicious of eminent genius, or extraordinary merit, in others. It is remarkable, that in a few months after the great Condé vanquished the foes of the King of France, Mazarin (the minister of that King) confined Condé in the castle of Vincennes. Turenne conquered all before him, and Louvois (the minister) was constantly undermining Turenne in the favour of that King, whose glory

Turenne had been increasing by daily victories. Does any reasonable man censure Mazarin or Louvois? It is the commonest of maxims with a minister, that the interest of the state is ever to yield to his personal resentments. Lewis the Fourteenth, when he invaded Holland, wished to keep garrisons in all the Dutch towns. Condé and Turenne were strongly against the measure; but Louvois seconded the King, because he hated Condé and Turenne. The garrisons were continued, and this mistake preserved the Republic of Holland from annihilation. Mazarin and Louvois were great ministers.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

PANTHEON ANECDOTES.

NUMBER VII.

(Continued from our Magazine for October, p. 461.)

AND now Aurora peeped over the Eastern hill, spangled with dewy gems, and Phoebus, with his resplendent beams, began to illumine the glowing horizon—beaux were preparing to adjust themselves in the round-house, to prepare for a visit to the sitting justice, and the school-boy, with unwilling steps, began to trudge in doleful dumps to school, repeating and cursing Virgil as he went along!—Now *Laura*, from her dishevelled hair, extracts her blazing aigrette, and *unplumes* the wavy canopy of ostrich down!—*Situp* (her maid) yawns at the story of her lady's loss at play; and sees the empty purse, by black legs and crafty tabbies drained, unknowing how to fill it!—In short (Anglicè) it was morning!—*Lady Flirt* passed the whole night in the most cruel state of perturbation; not that her ladyship dreaded an exposure, but was cruelly vexed that her little *innocent* plan to separate the lovers, had even accelerated their felicity!—Her ladyship resolved to retire to her little cot in Berkshire, and avoid the mortification of wishing the parties joy of a speedy and happy marriage. At that instant, a messenger arrived with a letter: *Teresa* instantly carried it to her lady, who opened it; the contents were as follow:

“*Sir Simon Snake* informs *Lady Flirt* that, for want of sufficient proof, and other *weighty* reasons, he is enlarged, and will instantly (if agreeable) attend *Lady F.*”

Joy instantly overspread the countenance of *Lady Flirt*, and *Teresa* congratulated her lady at so lucky an escape. A post-chaise was instantly ordered, and the nimble-fingered handmaid of the graces (alias *Teresa*) equipped her lady à l'*amazon*!—y'clept vulgarly a riding habit. Let us wish a good journey to the ladies, and return to *Waddlehouse*. The wounded were amazingly recovered, and all assembled at *Lady Waddle's* breakfast table. *Sir William Worthy* was impatient for a speedy consummation of his happiness, and (*pour bonne bouche*) produced *Lady Flirt's* exculpatory letter. The affected innocence she assumed, entertained them highly, and the exuberance of their joy was only stopped by the entrance of the lawyers, who brought the marriage articles. Where love is the only motive to the fulfilling the tenderest and most sacred connexions, interest soon gives way—*Sir William Worthy* gave the lovely *Emily* a *carte blanche*, desired her to indulge every wish of her heart: the delicate mind only knows the sweet combats of sensibility!—As soon as the lovely girl had recovered from the hurry and precipitation of spirits, naturally incidental to the occasion, she wiped the tear of dew from her doubly blushing cheek, returned the paper, relied on the generosity of *Sir William*, and the prudence of her parents, and retired to calm the transports of love and gratitude that over flowed her soul, and deprived

prived her of the power of utterance! *Lady Waddle* followed her charming daughter, and left the gentlemen to settle every thing; totally relying on the propriety of their decisions. *Sir William Worthy* with a sigh that issued from the corner of his heart, where love had pierced him with his sharpest arrow, bowed to the ladies. He would have stopped them, but was motionless. But his extacy was soon dispelled by the learned, yet unmeaning, jargon of the law. *Counsellor Fingerfee* began to hum and ha, smell his nosegay, fold and unfold his brief, and suck his orange; "He was of opinion that a specific sum should be mentioned by the lady, to prevent disagreement, and the consequent application for alimony. Nevertheless, notwithstanding, inasmuch, and forasmuch, as the lady left it to the gentleman, he should advise his client to state a sum, and then refer to the lady." *Sir William* was of opinion that an handsome settlement should be made, as the lady so nobly trusted to the honour of all present.——*Counsellor Quibblewell* begged leave to differ, and observed, that as the lady had left it to the present company, an admirable opportunity offered of making a *good bargain* for his client——*Sir William*, in warm terms, reprobated such disingenuous conduct, and declared that *honour* obliged him to the most unlimited confidence in the lady's unparalleled nobleness of behaviour!——The lawyers stared, stroked their bands, settled their wigs, and were amazed that *Sir William* should talk of *honour* when a question of *law* was agitated.——"For heavens sake (says *Fingerfee*) what has honour to do at the Old-Bailey, or the court of King's-Bench?"——"Very true (says his partner) your men of honour (in the law) *walk* to Westminster-Hall. To be sure honour is a charming thing; but a coach is an excellent conveyance in wet weather."——"True (rejoins the other) and a silk gown is a consummation devoutly to be wished."——*Lord Rifle* declared, he always thought honour, coaches, and silk gowns, compatible things, but begged the glorious delays, and *golden* uncertainties of the law might then be for once dispensed with. His lordship offered *Sir William* his estate and all its appendages at *E—— Place*.——*Sir William* declined the noble offer, and directed the law-

yers to make *Emily's* settlement one thousand pounds per annum.——The lawyers stared, and were surprized at his not making a good bargain for *himself*, when the power and opportunity of doing it was so obvious. *Sir William*, with a look of ineffable disdain at their mean and interested ideas, enforced his commands in so authoritative a manner, that they were instantly complied with; and the ladies just entered the room time enough to be grateful witnesses of *Sir William Worthy's* disinterested conduct. The various conflicts *Emily's* mind had so lately endured, rendered her extremely weak; but *Sir William* so earnestly pressed a speedy union (forgetting his wounds and weak state of body) that *Lady Waddle* was under the necessity of prevailing with *Emily* to fix the earliest period, *Emily* gently blushed consent, at the same time begged leave to hint, that *Sir William's* wounds ought to be totally healed, as well as those of her noble father. *Sir William* declared he could not delay his happiness above a week; and, after much amiable altercation, that day fortnight was fixed on to unite the fondest lovers that Cupid ever aimed his golden arrows at. The lawyers retired, as did *Lady Waddle* and *Lord Rifle*; fortunately leaving the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes. The surgeon was announced, and *Emily* instantly retired to her mother.——*Sir William* was enjoined the strictest regimen, and pronounced so near a total recovery, that in all probability, a week or ten days would obliterate all ideas of a dangerous wound. He also proposed a country tour for that time: *Lord Rifle* at that instant entered, his lordship's surgeon had pronounced him in the most favourable situation.——The rural tour was highly applauded by all parties.——The ladies joined the happy groupe; *Emily's* eyes beamed with unusual beauty, and with looks of joy and gratitude, fervently expressed her acknowledgements to the surgeons. *Lord Rifle* proposed an excursion to his little dairy near Epping Forest—all parties instantly agreed. The dairy was accordingly honoured the next day by the company of the happiest of mortals.——The spring was unusually mild, and *Emily, en chemise de la Reine*, sought the verdant meads at sun-rise, and with her graceful train, swept the pearly spangles of the morn from the blooming

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ing herbage. As soon as *Sir William* was recovered, he accompanied the fair partner of his felicity; they listened with transport to the cheerful carols of the lark, and, with a pure delight, gazed on the glories of the new-born day.

One morning, whilst they were meditating on the grey æther tinged with gold at break of sun-rise, *Emily* saw an unhappy wretch suspended by a garter on a willow; she shrieked, and nearly fainted: *Sir William* flew to succour him, but it was too late.—Judge of his surprize, when, after cutting him down, he instantly recognized the features of *Sir Simon Snake*.—*Emily* ran home to summon the family. Assistance was instantly sent for, and *Lord Rifle's* surgeon, who came to enquire after his patients at the dairy, luckily arrived at that critical juncture. They speedily came to the fatal tree, and tried every method, but to no purpose:—*Sir William* with more than human charity, bemoaned his untimely end, and dropped a tear of pity for his severe destiny!—*Lord Rifle* was struck with horror at the sight, and exclaimed—“Wonderous are the decrees of an all-seeing Deity!—Behold that unhappy man! perished by his own hand:—he escaped the rod of justice, but conscience (that unerring monitor) has played the judge's part, and the self-devoted criminal has payed the forfeit of his guilty life!—It has pleased Providence to render my lot more fortunate: I have seen the dreadful effects of my past bad conduct, and firmly hope, the same hand that preserved me from the opening abyss of destruction, will lead me to peace and eternal virtue!—But whatever may be my lot, may my child never feel a pang!” *Sir William*, who saw the extreme agitation of *Lord Rifle*, endeavoured to turn the discourse, and desired the country people (who flocked from all the neighbouring cottages) to convey the body to the nearest work-house, or to dispose of it as the legal custom of such occasions might warrant. They left the scene of horror, and returned to the dairy to breakfast. *Lady Waddle* shuddered at *Sir Simon's* untimely exit, and deplored his unhappy fate. The next morning *Emily* (according to her former promise) gave a little ball to the villagers, *Lord Rifle* (previous to the admission of the company) made her queen

of the festival, and supreme monarch of the dairy for ever. *Emily*, all gratitude and love, instantly resigned the sceptre of dominion to *Sir William*, and assumed the rural crook, crowned with the glories of the spring!—Violets and daisies smiled in the circlet of flowers that adorned her flowing hair, and the myrtle (sacred to love) completed the Arcadian garland. Heaven had given her an auburn flow of gently-curling locks, and artificial tinges were never suffered to sully its beautiful lustre. A short jacket of white lute-string embraced her form of truly Paphian delicacy; and a robe of the same materials just discovered a foot small without art!—And now the troop of jolly villagers were admitted, preceded by the lively pipe and tabor. The old men presented a milk white lamb (sweet symbol of innocence) to *Emily*. The whole room resounded with acclamations at the propriety of the present!—A fair cottager then stepped forward, and with her melodious voice sung the praises of the spring, with tones, dulcet as the plaintive flute:—Summer then appeared in yellow robes; green fields and shady bowers composed the tuneful lay—then autumn, crowned with a garland of wheat, sang the pleasures of the vintage—and winter, shivering in robes of fur, faintly murmured the frozen accents of harmony almost benumbed!—But merry *Momus* soon dispelled the temporary gloom, and made even winter smile. He was attended by lusty youths that defied cold. Some quaffed large bowls of *October*, others devoured mince-pyes, and at length winter roused himself, and joyfully partook of the good cheer. His beard of icicles thawed, and he pleasantly joined in the sportive dance that concluded this truly characteristic festival. At length the happy day arrived, that united the fondest lovers that ever offered their vows to Hymen: *Emily* wished to have the ceremony privately performed; but the whole groupe of *Lord Rifle's* tenants so strongly requested to have the honour of attending the wedding, that a public solemnization, proclaimed *Emily* the happiest, as well as the fairest of women, and *Sir William*, of all men the most worthy, of being united to such superior excellence.

—*Lady Worthy* gave the villagers an handsome present at the conclusion of the

the ceremony, and with the tears and benedictions of the whole neighbourhood accompanied *Lady Waddle, Lord Rifle*, and the dear partner of her soul,

to his beautiful seat in Somersetshire. There to enjoy that happiness she so eminently merited.

F I N I S.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

POLITICAL CHARACTERISTICS.

I. LORD SHELburne.

A Splendid outside is none of the least of those little things, by which this great statesman is distinguished. Every syllable uttered by him, every gesture of his body, and every motion of his face, are accompanied with a design either to invite the indifferent, to conciliate the hostile, or to flatter the friendly, by an indefatigable assiduity, by a politeness that perseveres, and by a smile that never ceases. He never refuses a request, and makes up for his non-performance by a prodigality of promises. When his system of small arts fail, he can purchase the world's opinion by relaxing into rectitude. He courts every man. His placidness, his attentions, his humilities, are endless. He has the craft to appear a publick enemy to luxury, yet yields to none in the vice he censures. Penurious by nature, he is extravagant by system. He never hurts a man in his presence, but inveighs with a generous indignation against those who are absent. He could not offend the ear of the greatest knave on earth, by an harsh epithet. He adheres not to any series of opinions which may impair his power, although his honour and consistency were the victims of his compliance, entertains no peevish prejudice for old sentiments when inconvenient, and has so fortunate a ductility, that he can bend to all sides, and adapt himself to all situations. The whole stretch of his abilities exceeds not the compass of what is termed *intrigue*. He is in profession a whig, and a tory in practice, pretends a regard for the people's rights, and is the unqualified champion for prerogative, in its most wide and dangerous operation.

II. LORD NORTH.

He, who for twelve years supported the most pernicious system of government that ever marked the fate of any unhappy country, not excepting any period of the most rapid decline of the

Roman empire. He who, in seven years, dismembered the most powerful state of the modern world by the most universal system of corruption that dishonours the history of Britain. Sir Robert Walpole, in the infamous glory of his most extended turpitude, yields as much to Lord North, as the wealth of the state, in the time of the former, exceeded the riches of government under the latter minister. Was there one question of public policy decided in either house, during his administration, but by the palpable influence of positive bribery? Was there a county or city election, in which he did not interfere? Was there a contemptible borough in the whole kingdom which he did not purchase, or endeavour to purchase? Is it any satisfaction that he was not *in person* upon the various theatres of corruption? Lord North's body is unwieldy, but a First Lord of the Treasury has mystical faculties. His influence is omnipresent.

III. MR. BURKE.

Cato's improvident honesty burst asunder the only union that could have saved the Roman republic, if the salvation of the republic had really been an advantage to the Roman people. Oppose the conduct of Cæsar to Cato. Cato stigmatized the people with avarice, meanness, luxury, debauchery, extravagance, and injustice. Cæsar praised the people for every public and private virtue. His deportment was humble and complacent; his actions gentle and generous. Will any man say, that Cato was fit to lead a government? Could a great people endure to be insulted by the very person who sought their support? And when I see Burke at Bristol, with his bundle of virtues upon his back, daring to claim, not indemnity, but honour, for the very deeds urged against him, as crimes, I lose my patience until I see his presumption, the folly of which is enveloped in its audacity, punished as

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so gross an outrage deserves. The events at Bristol and Utica should be considered as eternal monuments of the wisdom and spirit of Englishmen and Romans.

IV. LORD STORMONT.

"Upon this day, the 4th of February, said Lord Shelburne, no system of conduct appears to be formed by these great men." Lord Stormont is any man's match at a stare of emptiness. He looked back upon the noble earl like a gilded calf. The Earl of Shelburne continued almost in the words of the poet, "A nation's fate depends on you."—"Cockadoodle do," replied Lord Stormont with an erectness of eyebrow, and loftiness of forehead, which would not have disgraced the elder Vesprius, when he receives the crown from the hands of Creon.

V. THE LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND.

Without question we shall hear it said, that the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who so nobly begun the career of oriental reformation, cannot, without incurring disgrace, relax in his efforts to correct the depredations which are a stain in the national character, which render the name of Britain execrable, in every region of Indostan, and which the learned lord himself has often solemnly pronounced to deserve punishment, as necessary to the salvation of all our interests in the East. But an anodyne taken in the nepenthe of St. James's might work a wonderful oblivion, and I am greatly mistaken in the disposition of Mr. Dundas, if the present Treasurer of the Navy cannot easily persuade the Lord Advocate of Scotland, to forget all the rapine and barbarities he heard of in the butcherly neighbourhood of Leadenhall-street. But he has yet to account to the world, why he abandoned his former party. The acknowledged infamy of his political opinions, renders him unworthy of notice; and if his desertion from his old friends has been unconditional to them, he is beneath the dignity of resentment.

VI. SIR THOMAS RUMBOLD.

Men of wisdom and virtue, it seems, are going out to assure the natives of Asia, that we have an earnest mind to be honest, and rob them no longer. All memory of bills of penalties must be washed away, and I hope to see Sir
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Thomas Rumbold, one of these days' ~~be~~ ^{be} up in a batch of Irish peers.

VII. THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

He who grew into power under the patronage of Lord Chatham, and deserted him the next day. He who cordially united with Lord Rockingham, and abandoned him immediately after. He who by turns sought the favour, and equally abused the confidence of Lord Bute and the Duke of Bedford. He who made Lord North a chancellor of the Exchequer, and after plunging him into disasters left him to shift for himself—even as he betrayed his sovereign in the most distracted hour of his reign. If sympathy of soul can arise from similitude of nature, the Duke of Grafton and Lord Shelburne must be connected. Both have given a thousand proofs that they can never differ but in the degrees of deception. Principle cannot separate them, and if in the variety of ministerial virtues which mark the character of the Duke of Grafton, any one part could, more effectually than another, link himself and the Earl of Shelburne close together, it is certainly this—that the duke, in the affair of Corsica with Choiseul, made the Earl of Shelburne the most contemptible dupe that ever signed a King's dispatch as a secretary of state.

VIII. SIR JAMES LOWTHER.

When I consider the virtue of his heart and the wisdom of his head: the excellence of his morals and the expansion of his mind: his honourable conduct in all his private duties: his exactness, punctuality, and rectitude in all his commercial dealings: his long life of private faith and public probity—I must take the act of giving the King a ship of the line full manned at his own expence, precisely as it appears to be, *a deed of pure and spotless patriotism.*

IX. MR. ST. JOHN.

A lover's tongue never falters so much, as before the object of his adoration. I have seen the blooming Mr. St. John languish down, even while he cast the thurible, with the smoking incense; and many a time, when the gracious divinity was snuffing up the perfume, has the priest fainted under the weight of the sacrifice.

X. DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Upon the Duke of Richmond Lord Shelburne left the burthen of opposition, and never did man more faithfully

fully or more firmly persist in political projects than the noble duke. The Duke of Richmond debates as a Swiss mountaineer fights for his liberty. He hits an adversary with every weapon; nor is it a slash, nor a figure, nor a flourish, that can dispossess him. I have seen the noble duke lose even his legs in argument, and, like another Witherington, he has battled the enemy upon his stumps, until prelates, and lay peers, and law peers were forced to seek an ungallant victory in the coup de main of a division.

XI. COLONEL BARRE'

Derived neither his government nor military emoluments originally from length of service, nor eminence of merit in the army. He owed them, exactly as he does his pension, to his conduct in the House of Commons, when his friends were in administration. He opposed a succeeding ministry, and lost his places. I am not going to justify his removal, but every man knows, this very policy has been the general practice of most administrations in this country. And if the colonel's claim to a pension were really examined and then admitted, two hundred men might start up to-morrow with equal rights, upon the same principle.

XII. MR. FOX

Is grown into a contempt for all external decorations, and puts on a fine dress sometimes from duty, but never from inclination. He is so averse to the subtilties of life, that he rather deters by distance, than seduces by familiarity. His creed is to prefer candour to complaisance, and rough frankness to polished falsehood. If he makes an engagement he thinks he should not violate his faith. He imagines the ties which bind the private, constrain the publick man. He went into government making few promises and breaking none. He has a respect for the judgment of the nation, but looks to the purity of his actions for publick applause. His friends love him, though he conciliates their attachment by no artifice.—When opulent, he never dreaded indigence. He is not wealthy, and yet despises riches. He will sit with the man he values upon the simplest fare, as contented as at the feast of a king.

If a man is ridiculous he will laugh at him, and if a rascal he is very apt to tell him so. He is no apostate, and gives little quarter to those who are. It is not his mode to soften out of complaisance into another's opinion. His system of politics is defined and decisive. The sympathy which natural qualities excite, attaches him to men of letters, but he never sought their flattery, which they seldom give but where they know it will be well received. He is no sycophant, and abhors those who are. He considers intrigue as the talent of a fool and a rogue, and thinks no man but a knave would use, and no man but a blockhead could boast of it.

ENGLISHMEN.

The lust of dominion is natural in every soil, and the love of superiority is as prevalent in this land of freedom, as in any part of the earth. The English love to be masters, and he is at least a crafty minister, who takes advantage of their prejudice. The people is his sanction, and his ignorance or treachery is sure of being sheltered under their delusion. The English love to hear of bloody battles; and a snug citizen in the corner of a coffee house, who would shrink at a snow-ball from the hands of a boy, deems the gazette he peruses, a libel upon his country, if half a thousand of his fellow-subjects have not perished in the engagement, let victory incline as it may.

In this country, profligate as it is, there yet lingers a strong regard for liberty. A British bosom is apt to glow at the sound of it, and the splendid merit of preserving that best gift of God, which is expelled from every other kingdom of Europe, might stimulate indolence, and animate even luxury herself, to consecrate at the altar of freedom. Original excellence is the most absolute, and the virtue without example, has a double claim to applause. Civil liberty is proscribed by the rest of Europe, and millions of Britons can be levied by the bare glory of affording an asylum to this illustrious fugitive. This were an enthusiasm upon the base of reason, and enthusiasts are always the most dangerous enemies.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS ON THE INSTABILITY OF THE INFIDEL'S CONFIDENCE AT THE APPROACH OF DEATH: ILLUSTRATED BY THREE VERY EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES.

A death-bed is a detector of the heart.

YOUNG.

THERE is so much modesty still left even in the most corrupt and depraved natures, that let a person struggle ever so much with himself, he never can reconcile his reason with his vices. It is true, he may, by the clamours and hurry of a tumultuous and unsettled life; by the advantages of outward state and affluence, which will enable him to change his measures and his situation for a temporary relief, baffle the effect of truth, and cloud the evidence of conscience. He may get above the opinions of the world, and proudly defy the censure of men of more decency and moderation. He may bravade the remonstrances of scripture, and scorn the "trite documents of the pulpit:" and, in the height and hurry of his passions, may mistake noise for happiness, and, like other madmen, may think a dungeon to be a palace, and a straw a sceptre. But the delirium of imagination will not—cannot last. Honest nature, though *cast down*, is *not destroyed*: though silenced for a time; yet at length it will speak, and must be heard. In the calm and cool evening of reflection, it will read its awful lectures to the heart: and its remonstrances will come with redoubled force for having been so long disregarded.

The virtue of the good man is best seen in the hour of trial: and the serenity of his mind is discovered to the greatest advantage in the prospect of death. It is the seal of truth: it is the evidence of immortality: and as that excellent poet Mr. Hayley expresses it, with a dignity and energy peculiar to himself, and worthy of his subject,

"When weaker minds by frantic fear o'er-
thrown, [KNOWN,
Shrink in wild horror from the dread UN-
His former soul, with Christian strength re-
newed,
Nor lost in languor, nor by pain subdued,
With awe, but not as superstition's slave,
Surveys the gath'ring shadows of the grave,
And to his God, in death, devoutly pays,
That calm obedience which his life displays."

"The end of such a man is peace." It must be so *eventually*; however, at some intervals, natural fear, or that dejection which pain and sickness sometimes create, may cast a cloud over the mind. "But light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart:" and though the harvest be slow in its approach, yet it is sure in the event.

As the hopes and consolations of good men in the hour of sickness, or on a dying pillow, afford great encouragement to others to imitate their example, so the horrors which in that trying hour have overwhelmed the guilty, and the despair that hath often damped the confidence of the infidel, and made them, in spite of the most inveterate habits, to bear their reluctant testimony to the power of conscience, and the force of truth, hold forth to us an alarming caution, and admonish us *not to be led away by the wicked, lest falling from our own steadfastness, we should experience their fate.*

There is something so dark and uncheery in infidelity, that he who attempts to rob us of the hopes and pleasures of religion, must be an enemy to society: nor will his vain pretensions of freeing the mind from prejudices lessen the guilt of his conduct in the eye of any man who considers the welfare of mankind as infinitely more valuable than the speculations of a vain head, or the wishes of a corrupted heart.

Infidelity and libertinism give mutual support to each other. It is for the interest of a bad man to be an unbeliever. A good creed agrees but ill with a wicked life: and when a man's *deeds are evil*, he will naturally love that *darkness* which veils their malignity and obscures their danger. But a death-bed detects the imposition: and conscience, no longer overpowered by passion, awakes to the full-day-light of agonizing conviction.

Pride, indeed, may preserve the masque of serenity: and, I doubt not, but there

are some few instances of judicial hardness, where insensibility may have triumphed to the last moment. This may be considered as the most melancholy state to which the mind of man can be reduced, where no conviction alarms the conscience, and no sorrow dissolves the heart; but where the former is blinded to the light of evidence, and the latter hardened against the feelings of compunction.

There are some memorable examples on record of the insecurity of the infidel's peace, and confidence in the views of approaching death. I shall at this time take notice of *three*: and they are so truly memorable, that they may serve instead of a thousand.

The EARL OF ROCHESTER was a man whose fine talents were prostituted to the support of the most abandoned species of infidelity: and whose excellent constitution fell an early sacrifice to those debaucheries which his corrupt principles gave a sanction to. He for a while "flaunted it in the face of day." A round of pleasures, noisy and shewy, excluded the milder light of religion, and shut out the gentler melodies of virtue. But sickness broke the charm: and the confidence of irreligion vanished with the delusions of pleasure. It was in one of those awful moments, when conscience can no longer be trifled with, and the arm that "hurled defiance toward the vault of Heaven," shrinks back and becomes feeble and nerveless, that this celebrated nobleman dictated his dying remonstrance, in which the wickedness of his life, the impurity of his writings, and the infidelity of his principles, were the chief objects of his bitter lamentation, abhorrence, and disgust. This was the only reparation he could make for the injury he had done; and he informs us that "he left the world with this his last declaration, for the benefit of all those whom he had drawn into sin by his example and encouragement." This remarkable paper was signed by his own hand, in the presence of his wife, the Countess of Rochester, and his chaplain, Mr. Robert Parsons. He gave strict orders for the burning all his lewd and profane poems: and whatever papers might be found in his custody that had any tendency to debauch

the minds or morals of mankind. Hence the striking lines of the amiable and excellent Dr. Watts.

"Burn! burn! he cried with sacred rage,
Hell be the due of every page.
Hell be the due!—but oh! indulgent Heav'n!
So vile the muse, and yet the man forgiv'n!"

"Here (says Bishop Burnet, in his admirable reflections on this memorable event) is a public instance of one who lived of our libertines side, but could not die of it: and though none of them understood better than he the secret mysteries of sin, had more studied every thing that could support a man in it, and had more resisted all external means of conviction than he had done, yet, when the hand of God inwardly touched him, he could no longer resist, but humbled himself under that mighty hand; and as he used often to say in his prayers, he, who had so often denied him, found then no other shelter but his mercies and compassions."

Fontaine, whose *Tales* have been long celebrated for their ease and elegance, and whom our English Prior only hath been supposed to have rivalled with success, is another singular instance of the power of conscience in the views of eternity: and of the insufficiency of all the resources of wit and genius in the moment when sickness awakes reflection, and silently, but forcibly, whispers to the heart this momentous truth, "one thing is needful." A pious and ingenious priest of the Romish church, Father Pouget *, in a letter addressed to the Abbot D'Olivet, hath given a very interesting and circumstantial account of Fontaine's penitential declarations; and the other proofs which this celebrated wit discovered of a change of principle and conduct. The original was published in the *Bibliothèque Francoise*. The following extracts will serve to illustrate the capital objects of this paper: and I doubt not but that they will afford peculiar satisfaction to the serious and candid reader.

"Fontaine, says his young and amiable confessor, was not a thorough infidel: but every one knows, that he never made religion his capital employment. He was a man of a desultory turn of mind: his thoughts were mild and irregular: sometimes they took a

* At that time priest of the Oratory at Paris and very young. He was a doctor of the Sorbonne, and afterwards Abbot of Chambon.

fine excursion, but, at other times, they seemed to have but little connection with wit or wisdom. He was a careless man: and troubles made but a slight impression on his heart. His sickness brought his mind to serious and deep reflection. Through every period of it, I discovered a more than ordinary degree of sense and understanding. He acknowledged the truth and submitted to it. He was superior to the cavils of sophistry, and acted with a manly firmness and integrity." F. Pouget found himself in a very delicate situation. He knew it was his duty to remind Fontaine of the great evil he had committed by the publication of some obscene poems, and of the necessity he was under to discharge his conscience by an explicit renunciation of them, before he could receive the consolations of religion. F. Pouget's youth seemed to forbid such freedom with so old and so distinguished a man as Fontaine: and hence arose his struggles between modesty and duty: the feelings of a meek and ingenuous youth, and the vows of the zealous and pious minister. He desired Fontaine would excuse him from the more critical part of confession, and call in the assistance of a priest more experienced than himself. "But, says F. Pouget, he would not listen to my proposal: and replied, that since divine wisdom had directed me to him, and God had made my ministrations the means of convincing his mind and opening his heart, he beseeched me not to quit him: but to continue to discharge towards him the offices of my pastoral function to the last. I thought it my duty to comply with his request." The father then entered on the most delicate parts of his office: and was very particular with the aged penitent on the subject of his *Tales*. "At last, says the good father, I convinced him of the pernicious tendency of his publications; how guilty he had been in sending them abroad into the world, and what a scandal he had occasioned to the church by his conduct in this respect." F. Pouget insisted on his making a public declaration, prior to his receiving the holy sacrament, as the only means in his power to repair the evils that were past, or to prevent future ones. This injunction, however mortifying to human pride, was submitted to, though with

some hesitation, and the *amende honorable* was made in his sick-chamber, before many persons of quality and distinction; as well as others that were eminent for their wit, learning, and abilities, particularly the members of the French academy. "I placed (says the father) the holy sacrament on the table: I rehearsed the prayers that are appointed by the ritual; then advancing towards M. De la Fontaine, in order to make the customary exhortation, he prevented me by the following address:—

"Sir, I have desired the gentlemen of the French Academy, of which I have the honour to be a member, to be present by their representatives, in order to be witnesses to the transaction in which I am now about to engage. It is but too well known that I have written a book of impious tales. When I first composed it, I was not aware of its fatal effects. I am now undeceived; and acknowledge it to be a most pernicious and detestable work. It repents me that I writ, and that I published it. I implore forgiveness of God. I ask pardon of the church, of you its minister, of you gentlemen of the academy, and of every soul present. As I wish it had never been written, I also wish it could be entirely suppressed."

The declaration is too long to be transcribed. It is full and explicit, and gave general satisfaction to the church. Fontaine received the sacrament with great piety; and his behaviour proved very edifying to the spectators. He did not die of the disorder which so severely threatened him at that time: but lived two years afterwards; and in that period gave more confirmed and unequivocal proofs of the sincerity of his repentance. "So glorious a conversion (says the father) of a man of such celebrity had a wonderful effect upon many persons of distinguished abilities: I knew many of them; and among others I will now particularly mention two, who are well known, and whom I had the satisfaction of attending on their dying beds—the Abbot *Tallemant*, and Madame *Des Houlieres*."

This memorable circumstance deserves to be universally known: and I wish that those who have been seduced by Fontaine's *Tales* may be restored by his repentance.

The

The death of *Voltaire* holds out to the infidel and libertine a still more awful *memento*. In *Rochester* and *Fontaine* we see the pungency of conviction relieved by the consolations of penitence. The heart is both alarmed and soothed by such examples. But in *Voltaire* we see the clouds of despair thickening on him, without one ray of hope to cheer the gloom that invested his prospects. The soul shrinks back with horror at so deplorable a spectacle. We view it without complacency: and retire from it without hope. Dr. Franchin, his physician, found him

when dying, in unutterable agony of soul. He cried out in a fit of wild desperation, "*I am abandoned both by God and man.*" The doctor earnestly wished that those who had been corrupted by his writings, had been present to have seen him in that "*honest hour*" when fools no longer *make a mock of sin*.—The French infidels were anxious to conceal this mortifying circumstance, lest it should give a check to the triumphs of scepticism: but Dr. Franchin persisted in the relation of this extraordinary fact with uniform integrity to the last.

B.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

A LETTER TO DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON,

Occasioned by reading an Answer to Mr. SHAW's Inquiry, by JOHN CLARK.

S I R,

THE controversy concerning the authenticity of Ossian's Poems is at last decided in your favour. But this detection has produced a spirit of revenge as disgraceful to letters as it is shocking to humanity. Thus the vulgar often mistake for a new star the blaze of a meteor whose transitory splendour expires in a stench.

It is, however, to you, Sir, the rational admirers of decency and dispassionate criticism now look up with anxiety and sollicitude for a vindication of the gentleman whose character, friends, and prospects have been thus generously sacrificed in defence of truth. He is thought to have written at your instigation. It was at least in confidence of your patronage that he thus manfully avowed his convictions. He is of consequence enough to justify even your interference: nor is innocence beneath the protection of any.

To crush the potent combinations raised by this contest against every thing dear and interesting to Mr. Shaw, requires the most vigorous exertion of no common abilities. The literati of Scotland have, for the most part, been duped by the translator of these chimerical compositions. Their interest in the republic of letters, especially in this country, is at present very powerful. Some of their moral characters are unfortunately involved in the dis-

pute. And to substantiate a proof that the poems in question are only a mere modern fabrication, at once destroys their veracity as men, and, as they imagine, deeply affects the honour of the country.

For these reasons, every possible effort will naturally be made to re-establish the fallen credit of Ossian. The translator by every honourable means, no doubt, has at last wriggled himself into parliament, and the Highland clergy will be assiduous to serve him, in proportion as they may now suppose it in his power to return the obligation. Your silence, Sir, while all Grub-street is in an uproar, in a matter which originated with you, will consequently be attended with a new eruption of forgeries from the same lying spirit that has already belched up so many. These another fresh abettor of Ossian's ghost will readily detail in all the ribaldry of detraction and all the malignant acrimony of disappointment. And poor Shaw may adopt for his eternal motto

—A barbarous noise environs me,
Of owls and cuckows, asses, apes, and dogs!

If a blistered tongue be the most infallible symptom of a diseased stomach, the case of his patients surely demand the most immediate prescriptions of a master.

Malice and Scotch cunning are surely united and exerted against this unfortunate

fortunate Enquirer in a most extraordinary degree. The man, like Job in another case, is in one moment robbed of his all. As a scholar, a gentleman, a poet, or a preacher he affords his old Scotch acquaintance only a little ridicule or a vulgar sarcasm. His literary talents are denied, and he is considered as a man equally destitute of letters, decency, and decorum. Yet Clark, who pronounces thus cavalierly on his ignorance, with almost the same breath acknowledges himself indebted to his criticism. Strange John Clark to confess yourself corrected in your favourite Celtic study by one whom you tell us so often and roundly knows nothing of the matter.

It might well be suspected that he who composed both a grammar and dictionary, under the patronage of the first lexicographer perhaps in Europe, would probably be deemed by the impartial part of mankind not altogether incompetent to the task. To render the victory decisive, it was therefore necessary as far as the blackest aspersions and most contemptible insinuations could go, to ruin his moral reputation. They foresaw his knowledge of the subject could have no weight but in proportion to his credit with the publick. This once destroyed, the argument would necessarily be their own.

In short, these Scotch literati seem to hang together in palming this nostrum on the publick, like so many jugglers, equally concerned in the success of some common trick, and Mr. Shaw

for having relinquished his share in the plot is hooted by the whole honourable fraternity as a traitor. To render his criminality for this unpardonable treachery still more enormous, his religious is classed with his literary apostacy, and both stated as irrefragable evidences that he is utterly destitute of principle. And such is the general provocation which his alacrity and adroitness in this business have given, that he would probably run the same risque on appearing once more in the Highlands of Scotland with the man who after turning King's evidence, should have the temerity to re-visit the cells of Newgate.

It seems, therefore, incumbent on you, Sir, to state the facts at large which first led you to a discovery of this monstrous imposition, to rescue your Gallic coadjutor from the odium incurred by espousing your cause, to enter your protest against prostituting a polemical discussion to illiberal invective and virulent detraction, and to account to the publick for their conduct, who, under pretence of vindicating a very frivolous truth, have essentially injured the most important virtues. Leaving Mr. Shaw to struggle thus in a contest commenced by you, will be considered by your joint opponents as a damning proof of his delinquency of their surmises in your suffering yourself to be imposed on by his artifice, and of your yielding to the weight of their accumulated virulence against him after defying all that sophistry could do against yourself.

ANTI-OSSIAN.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. MISERY. A TALE, FROM CECILIA.

"LET me not (said he) waste my compassion upon nothing; compassion is with me no effusion of affectation; tell me, then, if thou deservest it, or if thy misfortunes are imaginary, and thy grief is factitious?"

"Factitious! (repeated she.) Good heaven!"

"Answer me, then, these questions, in which I shall comprise the only calamities for which sorrow has no controul, or none from human motives. Tell me, then, have you lost by death the friend of your bosom?"

"No!"

"Is your fortune dissipated by extravagance, and your power of relieving the distressed at an end?"

"No; the power and the will are I hope equally undiminished."

"O then, unhappy girl! have you been guilty of some vice, and hangs remorse thus heavy on your conscience?"

"No, no; thank heaven, to that misery, at least, I am a stranger!"

His countenance now again resumed its severity, and, in the sternest manner, "Whence then (he said) these tears?"

and

and what is this caprice you dignify with the name of sorrow?—strange wantonness of indolence and luxury! perverse repining of ungrateful plenitude!—oh! hadst thou known what I have suffered?—”

“Could I lessen what you have suffered (said Cecilia) I should sincerely rejoice; but heavy indeed must be your affliction, if mine in its comparison deserves to be styled caprice!”

“Caprice! (repeated he) ’tis joy! ’tis extacy compared with mine!—Thou hast not in licentiousness wasted thy inheritance! thou hast not by remorse barred each avenue to enjoyment! nor yet has the cold grave seized the beloved of thy soul!”

“Neither (said Cecilia) I hope, are the evils you have yourself sustained so irremediable?”

“Yes, I have borne them all!—*have* borne? I bear them still; I shall bear them while I breathe! I may rue them, perhaps yet longer.”

“Good God! (cried Cecilia) shrinking) what a world is this! how full of woe and wickedness!”

“Yet thou, too, canst complain (cried he) though happy in life’s only blessing, innocence! thou, too, canst murmur, though stranger to death’s only terror, sin! oh! yet if thy sorrow is unpolluted with guilt, be regardless of all else, and rejoice in thy destiny!”

“But who (cried she, deeply sighing) shall teach me such a lesson of joy, when all within rises to oppose it?”

“I (cried he) will teach it thee, for I will tell thee my own sad story. Then wilt thou find how much happier is thy lot—then wilt thou raise thy head in thankful triumph.”

“Oh, no! triumph comes not so lightly! yet if you will venture to trust me with some account of yourself, I shall be glad to hear it, and much obliged by the communication.”

“I will (he answered) whatever I may suffer: to awaken thee from this dream of fancied sorrow, I will open all my wounds, and thou shalt probe them with fresh shame.”

“No, indeed (cried Cecilia with quickness) I will not hear you, if the relation will be so painful.”

“Upon *me* this humanity is lost (said he) since punishment and penitence alone give me comfort. I will tell thee, therefore, my crimes, that thou mayst know

thy own felicity, lest, ignorant it means nothing but innocence, thou shouldst lose it, unconscious of its value. Listen then to me, and learn what misery is! guilt is alone the basis of lasting happiness—Guilt is the basis of mine, and therefore I am a wretch for ever!”

Cecilia would again have declined hearing him, but he refused to be spared: and as her curiosity had long been excited to know something of his history, and the motives of his extraordinary conduct, she was glad to have it satisfied, and gave him the utmost attention.

“I will not speak to you of my family (said he) historical accuracy would little answer to either of us. I am a native of the West Indies, and I was early sent hither to be educated. While I was yet at the university, I saw, I adored, and I pursued the fairest flower that ever put forth its sweet buds, the softest heart that ever was broken by ill-usage! she was poor and unprotected, the daughter of a villager; she was untaught and unpretending, the child of simplicity! But fifteen summers had she bloomed, and her heart was an easy conquest; yet, once made mine, it resisted all allurements to infidelity. My fellow students attacked her; she was assaulted by all the arts of seduction; flattery, bribery, supplication, all were employed, yet all failed; she was wholly my own; and with sincerity so attractive, I determined to marry her in defiance of all worldly objections.

“The sudden death of my father called me hastily to Jamaica; I feared leaving this treasure unguarded, yet in decency could neither marry nor take her directly; I pledged my faith, therefore, to return to her, as soon as I had settled my affairs, and I left to a bosom friend the inspection of her conduct in my absence.

“To leave her was madness—to trust in man was madness—oh hateful race! how has the world been abhorrent to me since that time! I have loathed the light of the sun, I have shrunk from the commerce of my fellow creatures; the voice of man have I detested, his sight I have abominated!—but, oh, more than all should I be abominated myself!

When I came to my fortune, intoxicated with sudden power, I forgot this fair blossom, I revelled in licentiousness and vice, and left it exposed and forlorn.

Riot

Riot succeeded riot, till a fever, incurred by my own intemperance, first gave me time to think. Then was she revenged, for then first remorse was my portion: her image was brought back to my mind with frantic fondness, and bitterest contrition. The moment I recovered, I returned to England; I flew to claim her—but she was lost! no one knew whither she was gone; the wretch I had trusted pretended to know least of all, yet, after a furious search, I traced her to a cottage, where he had concealed her himself!

“When she saw me, she screamed, and would have flown; I stopped her, and told her I came faithfully and honourably to make her my wife:—her own faith and honour, though sullied, were not extinguished, for she instantly acknowledged the fatal tale of her undoing!

“Did I recompense this ingenuoufness?—this upexampled, this beautiful sacrifice to intuitive integrity? Yes! with my curses!—I loaded her with execrations—I reviled her in language the most opprobrious—I insulted her even for her confession! I invoked all evil upon her from the bottom of my heart!—She knelt at my feet, she implored my forgiveness and compassion, she wept with the bitterness of despair—and yet I spurned her from me!—Spurned!—let me not hide my shame! I barbarously struck her!—nor single was the blow!—it was doubled, it was reiterated!—Oh wretch, unyielding and unpitying! where shall hereafter be clemency for thee!—So fair a form! so young a culprit! so infamously seduced! so humbly penitent!

“In this miserable condition, helpless and deplorable, mangled by these savage hands, and reviled by this inhuman tongue, I left her, in search of the villain who had destroyed her: but, cowardly as treacherous, he had absconded. Repenting my fury, I hastened to her again; the fierceness of my cruelty shamed me when I grew calmer; the softness of her sorrow melted me upon recollection: I returned, therefore, to soothe her—but again she was gone! terrified with expectation of insult, she hid herself from all my enquiries. I wandered in search of her two long years to no purpose, regardless of my affairs, and of all things but that pursuit. At length, I thought I saw

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her—in London, alone, and walking in the streets at midnight—I fearfully followed her—and followed her into aⁿ house of infamy!

“The wretches by whom she was surrounded were noisy and drinking, they heeded me little—but she saw and knew me at once! she did not speak, nor did I—but in two moments she fainted and fell.

“Yet did I not help her: the people took their own measures to recover her, and when she was again able to stand, would have removed her to another apartment.

“I then went forward, and forcing them away from her with all the strength of desperation, I turned to the unhappy sinner, who to chance only seemed to leave what became of her, and cried, ‘From this scene of vice and horror let me rescue you! you look still unfit for such society; trust yourself, therefore, to me.’ I seized her hand, I drew, I almost dragged her away. She trembled, she could scarce totter, but neither consented nor refused, neither shed a tear, nor spoke a word, and her countenance presented a picture of affright, amazement, and horror.

“I took her to a house in the country, each of us silent the whole way. I gave her an apartment and a female attendant, and ordered for her every convenience I could suggest. I stayed myself in the same house; but, distracted with remorse for the guilt and ruin into which I had terrified her, I could not bear her sight.

“In a few days her maid assured me the life she led must destroy her; that she would taste nothing but bread and water, never spoke, and never slept.

“Alarmed by this account, I flew into her apartment; pride and resentment gave way to pity and fondness, and I besought her to take comfort. I spoke, however, to a statue, she replied not, nor seemed to hear me. I then humbled myself to her as in the days of her innocence and first power, supplicating her notice, entreating even her commiseration! all was to no purpose; she neither received nor repulsed me, and was alike inattentive to exhortation and to prayer.

“Whole hours did I spend at her feet, vowing never to arise till she spoke to me—all, all, in vain! she seemed deaf, mute, insensible; her face unmoved,

moved, a settled despair fixed in her eyes—those eyes that had never looked at me but with dove-like softness and compliance!—She sat constantly in one chair, she never changed her dress, no persuasions could prevail on her to lie down, and at meals she just swallowed so much dry bread as might save her from dying for want of food.

“What was the distraction of my soul, to find her bent upon this course to her last hour!—quick came that hour, but never will it be forgotten! rapidly it was gone, but eternally it will be remembered!

“When she felt herself expiring, she acknowledged she had made a vow, upon entering the house, to live speechless and motionless as a penance for her offences.

“I kept her loved corpse till my own senses failed me—it was then only torn from me—and I have lost all recollection of three years of my existence!”

Cecilia shuddered at this hint, yet was not surprised by it; Mr. Gosport had acquainted her he had been formerly confined; and his flightiness, wildness, florid language, and extraordinary way of life, had long led her to suspect his reason had been impaired.

“The scene to which my memory first leads me back (he continued) is visiting her grave; solemnly upon it I returned her vow, though not by one of equal severity. To her poor remains

did I pledge myself, that the day should never pass in which I would receive nourishment, nor the night come in which I would take rest, till I had done, or zealously attempted to do, some service to a fellow-creature.

“For this purpose have I wandered from city to city, from the town to the country, and from the rich to the poor. I go into every house where I can gain admittance: I admonish all who will hear me; I shame even those who will not. I seek the distressed wherever they are hid; I follow the prosperous to beg a mite to serve them. I look for the dissipated in public, where, amidst their licentiousness, I check them; I pursue the unhappy in private, where I counsel and endeavour to assist them. My own power is small; my relations, during my sufferings, limited me to an annuity; but there is no one I scruple to solicit, and by zeal I supply ability.

“Oh life of hardship and penance! laborious, toilsome, and restless! but I have merited no better, and I will not repine at it; I have vowed that I will endure it, and I will not be forsworn.

“One indulgence alone from time to time I allow myself—it is music! which has power to delight me even to rapture! it quiets all anxiety, it carries me out of myself, I forget through it every calamity, even the bitterest anguish.

“Now then, that thou hast heard me, tell me, hast thou cause of sorrow?”

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. ON SUBLIMITY IN LITERARY COMPOSITION.

A FRAGMENT.

ABOUT sixty years ago *Gulielmus Gerardus* published a large quarto volume, *De Pulchritudine et Proprietate Orationes*, in which he pretends to shew that *Cæsar's Commentaries* is the masterpiece of all antiquity in the sublime mode of writing, and affords most instances of all the beauties of fine composition. *Cæsar* is undoubtedly a correct and elegant writer, and his *Commentaries* are excellent in their kind, but they have not even the remotest connection with the sublime.

We must never forget that simplicity is always one principal ingredient in the sublime. It is elevation and nobleness of sentiment alone which imparts

that dignity and energy to expression, which give us an idea of sublimity. The finer the figure is, it has the less need of drapery to render it interesting. Great thoughts never appear with so much advantage as in plain language. The author who seems fond of pompous epithets, and far-fetched images, we generally find devoid of that masterly and ready command of his subject which is necessary to raise him above them.

Some have included, in this species of writing, three very different kinds. One is, when the sentiments are truly grand, but the method of describing them such as does not convey the images

images to the mind in their full force. The second consists in grandeur of thought, and nobleness of sentiment, delivered in such a lively and animated style, as raises the human intellect into an emotion much above its ordinary tone. This perhaps is the only true sublime. The third, which is very improperly so called comprehends whatever is beautiful, elegant, or well executed in every sort of composition.

The sublime, according to *Longinus*, transports men above themselves, and raises in their bosoms the strongest emotions. But in a great variety of examples produced by this critic, we discover nothing of that terror of grandeur or majesty, which is the chief characteristic of the true sublime. Though he professes to treat only of this, he is always turning aside to other kinds of writing which, however classical or elegant, have not the least connection with it. The famous Ode to *Sappho*, on which he descants so largely, is an instance. This delicious ode has indeed a great many beauties, but none of those which constitute sublimity.

I would not, by this remark, be thought to condemn *Longinus*, who is one of the best critics of antiquity. Only it is proper, once for all, to apprise you that his observations are not uniformly confined to sublime writing. He considers every thing beautiful as well as noble in composition. His strictures are for the most part just and masterly, and he has given many examples of the highest class of composition in his own. I may therefore recommend him to your diligent perusal, as one, who, by a most pleasing mode of instruction, will amply repay your attention.

The sources of the true sublime are, in his opinion, boldness and grandeur of thought, the power of raising the passions to a violent, and even to an enthusiastic degree, a skilful application of figurative language, a graceful, elegant, and ornate mode of expression, and the art of constructing the periods with all possible dignity and grandeur. The two first of these only relate to the true sublime, the other three being as much connected with every other kind of good writing.

Great pomp of expression, well chosen epithets, and fine-turned periods are generally thought essential to sublimity.

But as the mind, when in a very elevated tone, gradually relaxes and sinks down to her former state, unless kept up by a constant accession of the same lofty images which at first transported her, so whoever presumes to support her emotion by fine words instead of great thoughts will certainly lose his aim.

This may account in some measure for the extreme scarcity of sublime authors, and shews sufficiently the absurdity of expecting much of such a noble quality in almost any writing. Nor is it because critics discover the faults to which it is opposed with an acute eye, but because these faults, from the vicinity of such perfection, are palpable to every reader. In other writings we may receive a very large share of entertainment, notwithstanding a great many blemishes. But the mind once elevated and expanded by magnitude of any description, is lowered, or loses her tone by the least contraction or diminution of the object. For this, like every other violent emotion, is at best but short lived, and never to be continued without an adequate cause.

That ardour of conception, that warmth of imagination, and that clearness of expression, so common only to men of the greatest talents, are essential requisites to such a strain of writing, as raises in the reader an idea of sublimity. This, perhaps, constitutes one of the strongest distinctions between the ancients and moderns. The former strike us with a fullness and energy, where the latter only struggle to amuse us with a finical arrangement, and a glittering phraseology. And here it may not be improper to observe, that rhyme, or making the ends of every two lines answer one another, is unfriendly to the sublime style. Of this we have an instance in the eighth book of *Pope's* translation of the *Iliad*, where he describes the Trojan fires, and compares them to so many stars.

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And blazing fires illumined all the ground,
As when the moon, resurgent lamp of light,
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light.

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'er casts the solemn scene.
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole.
Through the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head.

Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect
rise;

A flood of glory beams from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

Though the translator has succeeded in no part of his work better than in this place, where he has lavished all the powers of expression, and pomp of language, he renders that only beautiful which in the original is highly sublime. Indeed, the thoughts are preserved entire, but on comparison, you cannot help perceiving how much they are enervated, especially the conclusion of the passage, which, as Homer wrote it, is most plain and simple. *The heart of the shepherd rejoiceth.* As the Greek is a language understood only by a few, and Pope's translation, though by far the most elegant and best, is by no means a perfect one, we shall be prevented

drawing examples from this author. But the passages to which we might otherwise refer are chiefly these, where Pallas goes in armour to the assistance of the Greeks, where Apollo leads forth the Trojans to battle, and that place mentioned by Longinus where Neptune is described in a manner so truly noble and sublime. The following is an example from an author in our own language, which will furnish us with many. How grand and affecting the description of the Messiah in Milton.

He on the wings of cherub rode sublime,
On the chrysaline sky in sapphire throned,
Illustrious far and wide.
Before him powers divine his way prepared;
At his command the uprooted hills retired
Each to his place; they heard his voice,
And went obsequious; Heaven its wonted
face renewed,
And with fresh flowrets hill and valley smiled.

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE LXXIV.

HINTS for promoting a Plan, for more effectually supplying the Publick with Seamen and Soldiers, upon a comprehensive, equal, regular, and virtuous System.

THESE Hints are suggested with great zeal, great candour, and great modesty. The author writes like a good citizen, who has the real and substantial interest of that community about which he speculates sincerely at heart. We wish his sober and rational observations may procure, as they certainly merit, the serious and universal attention of his countrymen.

LXXV. *Verses addressed to Mrs. Siddons, on her being engaged at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, in 1782. By the Rev. Mr. Whalley.*

IT would be odd indeed, if such a popular actress as Mrs. Siddons has lately become, were not to have Canonicals in her train. These verses, however, are of such a harmless complexion, as to do neither much good nor much ill. They form what may be called the *puff direct*, and may probably contribute but little to the ultimate reputation of the fair actress, whom they mean to celebrate. The author has the address not once to mention a Crawford, a Yates, or a Young, even in a poem professedly written in praise of female acting. What idea of excellence can we form, but from comparison. The praise of Mrs. Siddons is therefore not only incomplete, while her rivals are kept behind, but every compliment paid her is an insult. It puts her in a sphere to

which she does not belong, and which is already preoccupied.

LXXVI. *A Defence of the Right Honourable the Earl of Shelburne, from the reproaches of his numerous Enemies, in a Letter to Sir George Savile, Bart.*

THIS masterly pamphlet presents a most melancholy aspect to this distracted country. Who can prevent our downfall, while the very hands which hold the reins of government are unnerved? If only one third of what is here said be true, it is not so much a libel on the nobleman's character to whom it refers, as on that branch of the legislature to whom he owes his preferment, and on the people at large, who can tamely suffer such a preference.

LXXVII. *Remarks upon the reports of a Peace, in Consequence of Mr. Secretary Townshend's Letter to the Lord-Mayor of London, Bank Directors, &c.*

THIS is done by the author of the former, and like most other secondary performances, by no means equal to the first. The letter alluded to, had, however, furnished him, with all other speculators, an inexhaustible fund of sarcastic and ironical remark. It is very astonishing, indeed to us, as it must be to all our neighbours, that a Townshend should be one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state, while Fox and Burke, and many other characters evidently superior, continue unemployed. How wretched and contemptible must not that government be, the members of which are not even capable of writing on the common routine of business with any degree

1782.

degree of accuracy, precision, or even decency. Mr. Burke cannot say of the present cabinet arrangement, what he said of the late Board of Trade, that it is a college of literary men.

LXXVIII. *Elements of the Theory and Practice of Physic and Surgery.* By John Aitken, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons; one of the Surgeons of the Royal Infirmary; Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh; Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; Lecturer of the practice of Physic, and on Anatomy, Surgery, and Chymistry, in two Volumes 8vo.

THE discovery of science, the improvement of morals, or the diffusion of happiness, is often enough the professed but seldom the real object of books. It is now the fashion to write, as well as to live, for the multitude. Reputation is the supreme object of worship in the literary world. It is this phantom which in the most enlightened ages, eternally conjures up from the regions of dulness, such swarms of adventurers as, like most other vermin, terminate in a kind of putrid infection. And the performance before us is a strong proof that no prescription is adequate to so virulent a disease. But who would not deplore the fate of that science, which after occupying the attention and penetration of the strongest minds, from the beginning of the world, must, at this late period, be obliged for something like a new arrangement, even of its first principles, to a John Aitken!

The circumstances of ostentation, which accompany this work, challenge peculiar attention. It is dedicated to the heir apparent in a style of adulation more consonant to the sentiments and situation of an Asiatic slave, than those of a British subject. And this dedication accumulates the tritest ideas in the most clownish expressions, approaches the royal presence in a manner that indicates not the modest confidence of conscious merit, but the extreme abjection of impudence and venality, and instead of stroking down the prince with a delicate and masterly hand, rudely plaisters him with the coarsest materials and the roughest trowel.

Fame, or perhaps some less reputable chimaera, seems to be the professed Dulcinea of this Quixote author. At least, never did any poor knight errant, in the meridian of Romance, sally forth to the generous rescue of a mistress armed more *cap-a-pee* than John Aitken, with his profusion of professional appellations. Nor will criticism be much more complaisant to these than windmills to the bason of a barber, though transformed by the magic of chivalry into an helmet.

The plate prefixed to these elements gives no improper or inadequate idea of the spirit in which they were composed. For it is by no means unnatural, that an author's physiog-

nomy should descend to posterity with an image of his brain that the features of the one may account for the absurdities of the other. Who would wish for a better introduction to a dull book than a *caput mortuum*. A body without a shadow would not be a more singular phenomenon in the natural, than a dunce without vanity in the literary world.

LXXIX. *An Essay on Education.* In a Letter to William Jones, Esq. By the Rev. R. Shepherd, B. D. 4to.

THIS Essay consists of some common exceptions to the usual modes of education, assisted by long quotations from Locke, Milton, and Lord Kaimes. The work doth not come to us in such a *questionable shape* as to admit of much discussion; nor is it of importance enough to require any critical investigation. We acknowledge that the common objections have *some weight*; but take either side of the question and the alternative is attended with difficulties not easily to be surmounted. It is like taking a wolf by the ears which, is equally dangerous to detain or quit. Mr. Knox hath endeavoured with much ingenuity to obviate those objections which particularly lie against publick education; but there is *still* a wide scope for argument, and ample room is still left for reformation. If we were briefly to give our opinion, we might alledge, that Latin and Greek are not the *only* ends of our ten year's warfare, as hath been insinuated; but that in this extended period we really acquire, independent of the words of two lexicons, much useful information and a certain *classical habit*, which is the foundation of elegance and propriety in speaking and writing. In this period the mind is instructed by the gradual progress and various changes of that monument of human greatness, and epitome of human history, ancient Rome. The imagination is amused by the beautiful fictions of its mythology. We learn the defects of a republican government; the accumulated misfortunes which attend the confederation of little, independent states; and see tyranny revenged by freedom and monarchs instructed to reverence the people, lest the people should forget to support them. In this period, the young scholar stores up images from the grand sources of all that is sublime in sentiment and beautiful in expression; and at length comes forth to instruct or charm mankind in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit. With all the inconveniencies that are supposed to attend the common mode of public education, one thing (and that a very striking one indeed) speaks much in its favour; we owe to it the most shining characters in literature and eloquence, all that we can admire, and all that ambition can emulate. Perhaps it fixes with precision and accuracy the rules of

of grammar and prosody; perhaps it awakens a generous spirit of rivalry, and establishes more effectually the habits of attention. Its uses may be more various and permanent than we are aware of. Some may operate insensibly: and we think this to be more particularly the case, with respect to *ease and elegance* both in speaking and writing, and the other forms and habits of refinement. A specious theory may oppose it. But a trial may possibly convince us that, *taken for all in all*, the public schools are preferable to private ones. Happy if the advantages of both could be made to coalesce!

We cannot help discouraging the rashness of those literary adventurers who recommend with confidence, not what is best, but what is newest: not what will attract and fix the judgement by its excellence, but what will captivate the fancy by the novelty of its appearance. As to this author he is not entitled to the *whole* of this censure. He blames other modes of education, but suggests no emendation of his own. He hints that he is at present engaged in educating youth, but we are at a loss to guess at his plan. If he hath merit, we wish him success.

LXXX. *A Letter addressed to the Abbé Raynal on the Affairs of North America: In which the Mistakes in the Abbé's Account of the Revolution of America are corrected and cleared up.* By Thomas Paine, M. A. of the University of Pennsylvania, and Author of a Treatise entitled "Common Sense."

THE judicious and spirited author of this Letter, after apologizing to the Abbé for the freedom of his address, proceeds to inform him and the public, that he had carelessly stated and mistaken several *facts*, and also had misconceived the *causes* or principles by which they were produced. It is yet too soon to write the history of the *American Revolution*, and whoever attempts it precipitately, will unavoidably mistake characters and circumstances, and involve himself in error and difficulty.

The Abbé, he observes, states the case exceedingly wrong, and injuriously, in saying, "That the *whole* question was reduced to the knowing whether the mother country had, or had not, a right to lay, directly or indirectly, a *slight* tax upon the colonies?" This was not *the whole* of the question; neither was the *quantity* of the tax the object, either to the ministry or to the American. The tax on tea, here alluded to, was neither more nor less than an experiment to establish the practice of the *declaratory law* upon; modelled into the more fashionable phrase of *the universal supremacy of parliament*. The *whole* question with America in the opening of the dispute, was, "Shall we be bound in all cases what-

soever by the British parliament, or shall we not?" For submission to the tea or tax act implied an acknowledgement of the declaratory act, or universal supremacy of parliament, which as the Americans never intended to do, it was necessary they should oppose it, in its first stage of execution.

Mr. Paine gives it as his opinion, "That it was the fixed determination of the British cabinet to quarrel with America at all events. On which he observes, "The cabinet members had no doubt of success, if they could but once bring it to the issue of a battle; and they expected from a conquest what they could neither propose with decency, nor hope for by negotiation. The charters and constitution of the colonies were become to them matters of offence. They saw no way to retain the colonies long, but by reducing them in time. A conquest would at once have made them both lords and landlords, and put them in possession both of the revenue and the rental. The whole trouble of government would have ceased in a victory, and a final end been put to remonstrance and debate. They hoped for a rebellion (from the experience of the *stamp act*) and they made one; they expected a declaration of independence, and they were not disappointed. But after this, they looked for victory, and they obtained a defeat."

The author hath also several judicious remarks on the Abbé's mistated account of the *debt* and *paper money* of America. The debt of upwards of forty millions of pounds sterling on the United States, besides the debts of individual states, appears to be only from ten to twelve millions sterling. On this he observes, "the extreme folly of Britain in resting her hopes of success on the extinction of our paper currency. The expectation is at once so childish and forlorn, that it places her in the laughable condition of a famished lion watching for prey at a spider's web."

The Abbé had also asserted that the American's rejection of the last liberal British offers was in consequence of the alliance with France. To this, Mr. Paine, who was at that very time, secretary in the foreign department of Congress, replies, "That Congress knew nothing of the signing the treaty: at the time they rejected the British offers they had not received a line of information from their commissioners at Paris on any subject whatever for upwards of a twelvemonth. One packet, it is true, arrived at York-Town, the January preceding, about three months before the arrival of the treaty, but strange as it may appear, every letter had been taken out, before it was put on board the vessel which brought it from France, and blank white paper put in their stead. The rejection of the British proposals

falls was eleven days prior to the arrival of the treaty with France, and without the least knowledge of such circumstance having taken place, or being about to take place. The Abbé hath entirely mistaken the matter—for, instead of attributing the rejection of the propositions to *our knowledge* of the treaty of alliance, he should have attributed the origin of them in the British cabinet to *their knowledge* of that event. The treaty was signed the 6th of February, and the bills with the proposals were brought into parliament the 17th; on which day Mr. Charles Fox informed the House of the treaty being signed, and challenged the minister's knowledge of the same fact."

The following paragraph deserves particular consideration, and if possible a reply: "The politics of Britain, so far as they respected America, were originally conceived in *idiotism*, and acted in *madness*. There is not a step which bears the smallest trace of rationality. In her management of the war, she has laboured to be wretched, and studied to be hated; and in all her former propositions for accommodation she hath discovered a total ignorance of mankind, and of those natural and unalterable sensations by which they are so generally governed. He is a weak politician who does not understand human nature, and penetrate into the effect which measures of government will have upon the mind. All the miseries of Britain have arisen from this defect. The former ministry acted as if they supposed mankind to be *without a mind*; and the present ministry, as if America was

without a memory. The one must have supposed we were incapable of feeling; and the other that we could not remember injuries."

LXXXI. *The Corrector's Remarks on the First Part of his Majesty's Speech to Parliament, Dec. 5, 1782.*

FROM the many observations which have been made in both Houses of Parliament, by members of the first reputation for knowledge and ingenuity, on his Majesty's Speech, we should have supposed it scarcely possible for any thing new to have been said on the subject. However, in this ingenious pamphlet we find the observations not only new but various and of consequence. The writer has with great discrimination set the *Speech* in quite a different light from that in which it has been understood. In the course of this masterly performance we find some very shrewd and pertinent remarks on the preference of a democracy to even a *limited monarchy*: on the patriotism, not tyranny, of Oliver Cromwell. On the conduct of General Elliott and Lord Howe, giving a hint for their statues being erected with proper inscriptions; and a liberal enquiry into the merit of Sir James Lowther's offer, with political observations on its evil tendency. We are sorry we have not room to present our readers with an extract from this ingenious and pointed performance, and have only now to add, that the whole of these remarks is written in that nervous, correct, and elegant style which distinguish all the writings of this author.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

WE insert the following poem the more readily, as it is in circulation among a very respectable party in the community, to which the characters it exhibits belong. There is much ingenuity in the application of the several individuals, it selects from the vegetable as emblems of those it means to distinguish in the moral, the social, and the religious world. The author's delicacy and success in discussing a subject of this nature with so much vivacity and justness, we admire to such a degree, as makes us sincerely desirous of a continuance of the same correspondence. We are only sorry an opportunity was not afforded us, of suggesting some emendations.

THE NONCONFORMIST'S NOSEGAY,

1782.

(From a corrected copy.)

By MISS _____.

VARIOUS in colour, odour, height, and size,

Thy wonders, vegetation! daily rise—

In gay allusion, shall my mind compose,
A bouquet of the ministers it knows?

Webb, to his latest season vivid seen,
Best claims the laurel's bright unfading green
If searching, healing—in a moment calm—
Giffard we prize as Gilead's ancient balm.
Let the broad sun-flower, constant Gibbons
shew,

Turn'd to the light of life for ever true.
Thy sweet-briar, Winter, shall my verse adorn,
Tho' some incautious hands lament the thorn.

A double blossom'd myrtle in our reach,
Let Stennett on successive sabbaths preach*:
And modest Rolls—submersion too his care—
A water lilly rise, minutely fair:
Olding a snow-drop, Ford a crocus shine,
Fisher, a poppy, to repose incline.
Pretty and pert—a kind of virgin-sweet,
Rippon, in minionet, attracts your feet.

Does simple elegance delight your eyes?
Bid Clayton, and a tuberoze, arise.

Let

* A seventh-day man.

Let Robinson abjure polemic whim,
He is pathetic, and he *would be* prim;
Neglecting, dear simplicity, thy call,
Like a sweet *woodbine* tack'd on London wall.
Oh Bennet! scorning every pagan art,
Still wear the *passion-flower* next thy heart.

Stafford, the *weeping willow's* form receives,
And Taylor, tremulous, an *aspen's* leaves.
Nor mov'd, nor moving, solidly the same,
Thomson, an *oaken pollard* we shall name.
Decent but sad, White reads to vacant pews*,
For truant Christians follow vagrant Jews—
Thus some grave bird, in *ivy*, seems to moan,
When sapient rats desert her ancient throne.

In speculation's mazes long beguil'd,
Price offers up the parent to the child;
For nature's common law and grace dethrones;
The foremost *bramble* desolation owns.
Crole, as the *ripening ear* on fertile lands,
Dispensing blessed hope, superior stands,
Waves to the breath of Heav'n whence'er it
blows—

Useful and graceful, all the art he knows.

When wicked wits suppose him in a storm,
Brewer, like *capsicum*, is only warm.
Trotman, a *pink*, expecting gracious dew,
Barber, an *Æmony* of darker hue,
Harris, a pompous *peony* we view. }
Ranunculus and Rogers—small and straight—
But they wear powder †, subject of his hate.
With rhetoric strip'd, in undulation gay,
The *tulip*, Worthington, must flaunt away.
Prompt, varied, artificial, slender, tall,
Fordyce, the *bolyock*, over tops them all.

My favorite Teacher why should I disclose?
Each has a favorite—let him be *the rose*.
Those, from my garland, whom you smiling
chuse,
Bind up with candour—and forgive the muse.

VERSES

To a young lady in low spirits, on wishing to
see some of the author's writing.

SWEET was the tone, and affable the air,
In which Maria ask'd my verse to see:
Ye muses wake and grant a sister's prayer,
And deign a wreath to melody and me.

Maria, mark the varied face of things;
Lo! ev'ry where what bliss extatic reigns,
Hark how each bird to soothe thy sorrow
sings: [pains.

They muse on nothing and they feel no
In youthful levity as chaste as their's,
Give all thy soul to gaiety and ease;
Let conscious guilt indulge oppressive cares,
But what has innocence to do with these.

Like nature to a microscopic eye,
Life full of rude deformity appears,
Excites the heart however young to sigh,
And heave with pity though benum'd with
years.

To me whom fortune long has lov'd to lease,
Few comforts flatter in so rough a scene,
Ah! what within this hemisphere can
please; [been
Or soothe an heart so hurt as mine has

How oft has levity assum'd the tone,
Of sensibility to wound my heart,
Apparent friendship all my feelings won;
To blast them with the cold embrace of
art.

And yet this ill requited heart of mine,
One wish to hurt another never knew,
But too susceptible of woes like thine. [do.
What can a wretch (but weep for wretches)

O! lift but once thy streaming eyes to Heaven,
And hail the source whence all thy bless-
ings flow,
Could these with so much tenderness be given;
To plunge thee helpless in a tide of woe.

On thee kind providence each boon bestows,
Which can the turgid plagues of life repress:
Around thee plenty in profusion flows;
And at thy beck, lo! ev'ry human bliss.

Say then, Maria, where the gangrene lies,
That preys so fiercely on thy tender mind,
What unknown secret fills these lovely eyes,
With tears so melting, and such looks re-
fin'd.

Has fell disease the seat of health assail'd,
Or quash'd the little levities of youth:
Know heaven the wild debasing range cur-
tail'd,

To warm thy sentiments with moral truth.

But hast thou felt the pangs of hopeless love,
And well I know when once the heart re-
bels

Against the mandates of paternal Jove;
To what excess the mad delirium swells.

Lo! age approaches with his wrinkled face,
And says to all that mars thy peace be still,
Nor in thy bosom leaves a single trace;
To wake the mem'ry of forgotten ill.

Then some kind seraph in thy bleeding heart,
Shall breathe an earnest of eternal peace,
The heavenly balm of sympathy impart,
And bid the passions that molest thee cease.

And when this lifeless farce of life is done,
And thou art dead to all beneath the skies,
Thou far above yon temporary sun;
Shalt taste a happiness that never dies.

AN ELEGY.

AH! why should Death alarm the soul
Who with her Maker is at peace;
His smiles may sure her fears controul
Whose guilt exceeds not sovereign grace.
Leave

* At the Old-Jewry. † Vide Anti-Fop.

Leave bootless terrors to the wretch
Whorushes fearless on his fate;
Whom no remorse could ever reach,
Nor penitence but when too late.

He trod on sacred Virtue's laws
Nor dreaded once that mighty arm
Which lifted up in Heaven's cause,
The stoutest sinners must alarm.

He cries to Mercy—Mercy hears,
But unrelenting at his woe,
Nor soften'd with his fruitless tears,
Prevents nor mitigates the blow.

Ah! whence this aching at my heart,
What ails thee, trifling, timid thing,
'Tis true the tyrant has a dart,
But then his dart hath lost its sting.

Heard you not that endearing note
Which softly vibrates on the ear,
"Is there no comfort in the thought
That I, the best of friends, am near.

To me the vale you dread is known,
By me made easy, pav'd, explor'd,
Nor heed the monster though he frown,
The life he takes shall be restor'd."

It is thy voice, Almighty friend,
Saviour of a hapless race,
To thee my latest wish I'll send,
O! aid me with thy strength'ning grace.

Lo! from the hollow dismal tomb
The sullen spectres disappear.
Disease, despair, each ill to come,
Death even smiles when thou art there.

Thus pointing to the grave he says,
"Behold thy destin'd bed of rest,"
Hark! Angels in immortal lays
Sing round it requiems to the blest.

But stay—What heavenly voice is there?
My dearest Stella, is it thine?
Ill-fated maiden now prepare
To see thy lover life resign.

Look here what havoc thou hast made
In this emaciated face;
These lips no longer boast their red,
Since blasted by thy false embrace.

Yet cease thy unavailing tears,
Nor stain for me the nuptial vows:
See Hymen storm as he appears,
And jealous knit his angry brows.

Ah! what care I, she frantic cries;
What's Hymen, marriage faith, to me,
Since thee for these I could despise,
These once more I renounce for thee.

LOND. MAG. Dec. 1782.

* The exact situation of this castle cannot be ascertained. We know from *Asserius*, that it was on the north coast.—The Valley of Stones, where the scene of this poem is laid, is in some measure indebted for the distinction to which it hath of late been raised, to Dr. Pococke, the Bishop of Upper Ossory, who visited it some years since with Dr. Mills the Dean of Exeter. It is a grotesque and most romantick spot. It is a beautiful valley about half a mile in length, situated

O, this deceitful perjur'd heart!

Why not from this stern bosom tear
So damn'd, so treacherous a part,
Some devil sure has plac'd it there.

I cannot, will not, must not live,
Lest Heav'n some fiercer vengeance send,
While yet there's hope my crimes forgive,
One moment hence this heart must rend.

Hark! hark! the chordage of her heart,
Her heart too deeply wounded, breaks:
See from her eyes the flames depart,
Each grace her beauteous form forsakes.

I haste to join thee, gentle ghost,
And hear thee whisper "Come away,"
Then Death be faithful to thy post,
Nor blight my hopes with harsh delay.

THE RAPT BARD.

*A Poem written in the Valley of Stones, near
Linton in Devonshire.*

"HITHER, hither bend thine eye,
See the sons of Denmark fly!

Deep thunders roll
From pole to pole,
And light'ning gilds the murky sky.

See pale Fear
Impels their rear!—
Now, monarch! now, thy keen-edg'd fal-
chion wield.

Lo! there it gleams!
The bird of slaughter screams,
With dark, disastrous wing low brooding
o'er the field."

Thus sung the bard, as far from human
haunt, [wide,
Where Devon spreads her healthy desert
Reclin'd beneath a frowning rock he lay,
Lull'd to soft slumber by the murmuring
tide.

Yet there no fierce destructive lightnings
flame, [roars:
Nor round his head the battle's thunder
The silver moon maintains her azure throne,
And plaintive billows die along the shores.

'Twas Sleep resistless loos'd the bands of
sense,
And to the power of Fancy unconfin'd
(That fairy power with varying plumes
adorn'd)

Resign'd the empire of the poet's mind.
With curious eye, and still unwearied step
He sought by day where * Kenwith castle
stood,

Now memory awak'd by Fancy's power
Full on his sight imprints the scene of
blood.

4 F

Pour'd

Pour'd from the northern hive with impious
rage,
Dire on our coast he saw the nations swarm;
Saw Odin's power to CHRIST's pure banner
yield.
And Scandinavia own great Alfred's arm.

"Alas! tho' Denmark wars no more,
Hostile nations seek our shore.
Lo! I mark their dread advance,
See the fleet of faithless France!
Now hapless Albion what avails,
Thy surge-compelling ships, thy storm-defy-
ing sails?"

See! yon streaming meteor glare,
Flaunting on the troubled air?
'Tis proud conquest's crimson throne,
'Tis Cordova's gonfalon.
Mark! its waves to Albion's shores,
Loud the Bourbon thunder roars.
O'er our fleet hangs gaunt despair,
Pale dismay and haggard care.
See! Terror's fury form on high,
Infernal fires illumine her blasting eye;
Aghast the chiefs of Albion fly.
With relentless fang the bear
Shall the vanquish'd lion tear;
Wide thro' all the blue profound,
War's shrill bird his clarion sound.
The mystic web of Britain, fate untwines;
Deep, deep in blood proud Albion's sun de-
clines!"

Bright morn approach'd—and o'er the pro-
spect wide,
From slumber rous'd, he cast his eager eye;
Nor Alfred's sword nor Danish standard there,
Nor dread Cordova's fatal fleet was nigh.

Where Alfred's airy falchion drench'd the
plain,
The gentle zephyr kiss'd the perfume'd
Where the hoarse raven's croak appall'd the
night,
The warbling linnet hail'd the opening day.

O'er Severn's flood which Fancy's pencil form'd
Subject to haughty Bourbon's tyrant reign,
Bright gleaming sails gilt by the morning ray,
In long procession seek the azure main.

"Enchanting sight! the poet cried,
Hence wild delusion, gloomy care,
Shall scenes of peace and joy like these
Be ting'd with shades of dark despair!

What bounteous gifts are shower'd on thee,
Oh! favour'd Britain, Queen of Isles!
Say doth the circling year enclose,
A realm so blest with fortune's smiles?"

Here pure religion lifts sublime,
The meek th' Heav'n imploring eye,
Regardless of the tyrant's threat,
Secure in native liberty.

For Freedom, daughter of the sky,
Extends around her bulwark wide,
Stern and unyielding as thy cliffs;
Which brave the fury of the tide.

Tho' justice sheaths her awful sword,
Yet what shall power or wealth avail?
Fix'd as yon pole her firm decree,
Unmov'd as fate her equal scale.

Whilst far thro' earth, and sea, and air,
The clang of arms terrific roars,
Here peace shall spread her downy wings,
And hover round thy peaceful shores.

What

between two hills, covered with an immense quantity of stones and terminated by rocks which have the appearance of ruined castles, rising at a great height and presenting a wild and picturesque prospect. At an opening between the rocks, towards the close of the valley, there is a delightful view of the Bristol Channel and the Welch coast. The scenery of the whole country in the neighbourhood of this curious valley is wonderfully striking; and I am surprized that some engraver of landscapes hath not availed himself of the views which have been given of it by several eminent painters.

The country people call this valley the Deans, or Danes, and scarcely know it by any other name. Near it are some remains of Danish encampments: one of them, called Oldborough, in the neighbouring parish of Countisbury, at the very northern extremity of Devonshire, on a very lofty hill, is the most perfect I ever saw.—We are informed, by our English historians, that the Danes landed on this coast, and committed many depredations on it, particularly at Porlock and Watchet, in the 9th and 10th centuries. Our historians paint their cruelties, in those parts, in the strongest colours, and describe the poor inhabitants as suffering all the miseries which fire and sword could inflict.

Kenwith Castle (the object of the poet's "search by day") is mentioned by Camden in the following manner. "From hence (viz. Barnstaple) the Taw passing by Raleigh, which formerly belonged to its noble lords of the same name, but now to the famous family surnamed DE† CHICHESTER, and after that enlarged by the Torridge, runs into the Severn sea, but finds not Kenwith Castle, mentioned by Afferius. Yet there was upon this coast a castle of that name, and so situated that there was no approaching it on any side but the east. Here, in the year 879, Hubba the Dane, who had harried the English and cut off many of them, was himself cut off. At the same time the Danish standard called Reafan (or the Raven) was took by the English."

† The ancestors of Sir John Chichester, Bart. and of the Earl of Donnegal, who is a younger branch of the ancient family of CHICHESTER,

What tho' disaster shades awhile,
The once bright sunshine of thy day;
Thy sun, O Britain, soon shall beam,
With strong, tho' less diffusive ray.
Oh! happy land and still more blest,
Accuse not then all righteous Heav'n;
Nor murmur at the power whose arm,
Hath for thy faults correction giv'n.

But humbly bend thee to the stroke,
Resign to him thy ev'ry care;
So may he stay his chast'ning hand,
And in his tender mercy spare.
So may he o'er his suff'ring child,
A parent's kind protection spread,
And pour the wrath which threaten'd thee,
On Bourbon's rash, perfidious head."

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

From the LONDON GAZETTE of
Saturday, November 30.
Whitehall, Nov. 30.

COPY of a letter from Archibald
Campbell, Esq. Governour of
Jamaica, dated October 10,
1782, received at the office of
the Right Honourable Thomas
Townshend, his Majesty's
principal secretary of state for the Home de-
partment, November 29.

Jamaica, Oct. 10, 1782.

MY LORD,

I Have the pleasure to inform your lord-
ship, that the plan which I projected for de-
feating the Spaniards in their attack upon
the British Settlers, and Musquito Indians at
Cape Gracias a Dios, has succeeded equal to
my most sanguine expectations.

Captain John Campbell, of the Wanks
River district, who had collected 150 able
negroes for the purpose of harrassing the Spa-
nish garrison stationed at Black River, con-
tinued with unremitting assiduity, from the
14th of July, to annoy the enemy, and nar-
row the limits of their posts to the eastward,
till, by a judicious movement of his whole
corps to the westward, he passed their senti-
nels unnoticed, got close on the night of the
23d of August, to Cape River Fort (lately
Fort Dalling) and, by a very gallant assault,
carried it with the loss of two men only.
Sixty-five Spaniards were killed on the spot,
nine taken prisoners, mostly wounded, and
about forty escaped by flight. Three field-
pieces brass, three field-pieces iron, one co-
horn, and one garrison-piece, with a quantity
of ammunition, and one stand of colours, fell
into the hands of the assailants, who destroy-
ed the works, and retreated to their former
ground.

This success, together with repeated skir-
mishes, in which the enemy met with con-
siderable loss, contributed to render the Spa-
niards at Black River, an easy conquest to the
force then in motion against them.

On the 28th of August the little army
formed at Cape Gracias a Dios, consisting of
eighty American rangers under Major Camp-
bell, five hundred Shoremen, free people of
colour, and negroes, and six hundred Mus-
quito Indians, under their respective chiefs,

who had elected for their leader Lieutenant
Colonel Despard (captain in the 79th regi-
ment) reached the mouth of Plantain-river,
about seven leagues to the eastward of the
enemy.

On the 30th the troops arrived at Black-
River Bluff, opposite to the eastern block-
house, when the enemy despatched a flag to
enquire who they were, and what they want-
ed. A summons to surrender the Spanish
posts, troops, and artillery to his Britannick
Majesty's forces, was sent to the commandant
in reply; and after some altercation, the gar-
rison, consisting of twenty-seven officers, and
715 rank and file, chiefly of the regiment of
Guatemala, thought fit to lay down their
arms as prisoners of war, stipulating to be
conducted to Omoa in the most convenient
and expeditious manner. With this detach-
ment were taken one stand of colours, two
twelve-pounders, seven six-pounders, 11 four-
pounders, iron, four four-pounders brass, one
eight-inch howitzer, and 1000 firelocks,
which, together with the artillery in Fort
Dalling, amounts to 31 pieces of cannon, one
cicorn, one howitzer, 1000 firelocks, a quan-
tity of ammunition, and two stands of colours.

I have likewise the pleasure to inform
your lordship, that the day after the Spanish
troops laid down their arms, at Black-River,
a polacre of 16 guns, laden with provisions
for the Spanish garrison at that post, was
taken by one of Capt. Parry's squadron.
This polacre had also some money on board,
and 100 soldiers, as a re-enforcement for
Truxilla.

I think it my duty to inform your lord-
ship, that Col. Despard has expressed to me his
obligations to Capt. Parry, commanding his
Majesty's ships of war on that expedition, for
his ready co-operation and assistance; and I
think it also a justice due to Lieutenant-Co-
lonel Despard, to express my acknowledg-
ments to him, for having cheerfully, at the
request of the Shoremen and Indians, taken
the command of the land forces, when he
was merely on that coast with a view to re-
cover part of his baggage, which had escaped
the enemy's hands at Rattan.

The zeal of the gentlemen and settlers on
the shore, and the forward spirit of the ran-
gers, and the cheerful alacrity of the Mus-
quito

quito chiefs and Indians, merit every commendation.

The business of the Shore being over, I have directed Odell's rangers to return immediately to Jamaica; and I can assure your lordship, that the British settlers and friendly Indians on that coast, have for this season a fair prospect of enjoying their plantations in tranquillity; while the Spaniards, who have been at an immense expense and fatigue, have lost the fruits of their costly and laborious exertions.

Capt. Thomas, of his Majesty's ship Resource, who can inform your lordship of the state of matters in this quarter, will have the honour of presenting to you the Spanish colours taken at Cape River Fort, and the works of Black-River, which I beg may be laid at his Majesty's feet.

I have the honour to be, with great respect,
My lord, &c.

ARCH. CAMPBELL.

To the Earl of Shelburne, &c.

ARTICLES of CAPITULATION proposed by Don Thomas Julia, Lieutenant Colonel captain of the battalion of the kingdom of Guatemala. Governour and commander in chief of Black River, to Lieutenant-Colonel Despard commanding the expedition against Black-River, and Major James Lawrie, his Majesty's Superintendent of the Indians and Musquito shore.

ARTICLE I.

THAT the sacred vessels, and other ornaments belonging to divine worship, should be left untouched.

Answer.—Granted.

Art. II. That the officers, troops, and seamen of the garrison, shall go forth with arms shouldered, drums beating, four field pieces, lighted match, ball in mouth, and twenty-one rounds per man.

Answer.—The garrison of Black-River shall surrender themselves prisoners of war.

Art. III. The garrison shall be conducted in the vessels of his Britannick Majesty to the port of St. Fernandez de Omoa.

Answer.—The garrison of Black-River shall be conducted to St. Fernandez de Omoa, in the most convenient and expeditious manner.

Art. IV. That the officers shall be allowed their side-arms and baggage; and that their servants shall be conducted with them; and that the troops shall not be plundered.

Answer.—The officers to be allowed one servant each; the rest of the article granted.

Art. V. All that belongs to the King shall be carried off without molestation.

Answer.—Every thing belonging to the King, comprehending cannon, arms, ammunition, military chest, provisions, and in general every thing under the description of King's stores, shall be delivered up to a commissary appointed for that purpose.

Art. VI. It shall be permitted that a petti-auger may be sent to the port of Truxilla, with a sufficient passport from the commander of his Britannick Majesty's Squadron.

Answer.—A petti-auger shall be permitted to go from hence on the 8th day of September, furnished with a proper passport. (*Proposed by Lieutenant-Colonel Despard, as a supplement to the above articles.*)

Art. VII. All property found at Black-River, including slaves, &c. taken from the English inhabitants, on the capture of that place, shall be delivered up, that they may be restored to the proper owners. In the above article, petti-augers, crafts, dorys, &c. falling under the description of English property, are meant to be included.

Art. VIII. The British flag shall be hoisted on the eastern block-house, at six o'clock in the evening of this day, when the garrison shall march out and pile up their arms before the governour's house. The cannon, stores, &c. forts, posts, &c. belonging to that place, shall be delivered up at the same time to officers appointed for that purpose.

Art. IX. The officers and soldiers belonging to the garrison shall not serve against his Britannick Majesty until regularly exchanged, or against any part of the Musquito shore during the war.

(Signed)

Edw. Marcus Despard, Don Thomas Julia,
James Lawrie.
Camp Black-River, Aug. 31, 1782.

Admiralty Office, Nov. 30, 1782.

LIEUT. Alexander Allen (commander of his Majesty's armed transport the Royal Charlotte) arrived at this office yesterday, with despatches from Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, Knight of the Bath, and commander in chief of his Majesty's ships in the East Indies, of which the following are extracts:

Extract of a Letter from Sir Edward Hughes to Mr. Stephens, dated on board his Majesty's ship Superbe, at Sea, April 4, 1782.

I sailed on the 31st of January from Trincomalee for Madras Road, in order to get a supply of provisions and stores, of both which the ships were then in want.

On the 8th of February I anchored in Madras Road, and the same day received advice from Lord Macartney, the governour of that place, that a French Squadron, consisting of thirty sail of ships and vessels, was at anchor about twenty leagues to the northward of that port. In the afternoon of the 9th, Capt. Alms, in his Majesty's ship Monmouth, with the Hero, Isis, and the armed transport Manilla, joined me in the road. I continued to use all possible diligence in getting the necessary stores and provisions on board the several ships, until the 15th of Feb. when the enemy's Squadron, consisting of 12 sail of line

of battle ships, six frigates, eight large transports, and six captured vessels, came in sight to the northward, standing for Madras Road, and about noon the same day, anchored about four miles without the road. In the mean time I placed his Majesty's ships in the most advantageous manner to defend themselves, and the other ships in the road, with springs on their cables, that they might bring their broadsides to bear more effectually on the enemy, should they attempt an attack.

About four in the afternoon the enemy weighed and stood to the southward, when I immediately made the signal to weigh, and stood after them, having received on board a detachment of 300 officers and men of his Majesty's 98th regiment, who were distributed in the ships of the squadron that were the worst manned. I stood with the squadron as per margin*, to the southward all that night under an easy sail, and in the morning at day-light, found the enemy's ships had separated in the night; their 12 line of battle ships and a frigate bearing east of me, distant about four leagues, and ten sail of their frigates and transports bearing S. W. distant about three leagues, and steering a direct course for Pondicherry; on which I instantly made the signal for a general chase to the S. W. in order, if possible, to come up with and take their transports, well knowing the enemy's line of battle ships would follow to protect them all in their power. In the course of the chase, our copper-bottomed ships came up with and captured six sail of ships and vessels, five of which were English, taken by the enemy when to the northward of Madras, out of which I ordered the Frenchmen to be taken, and the vessels to proceed with their own crews to Negapatam; the sixth was the *Lauriston*, a transport, having on board many French officers, 300 men of the regiment of *Lausanne*, and laden with guns, shot, powder, and other military stores: this ship so valuable to us, and of so much consequence to the enemy, was taken by Capt. Lumley, of his Majesty's ship *Isis*.

So soon as the enemy's squadron discovered my intention to chase their transports, they put before the wind, and made all the sail they could after me; and by three o'clock in the afternoon, four of their best sailing line of battle ships were got within two or three miles of our sternmost ships, and the ships in chase were very much spread by the enemy's ships they were chasing steering three different courses, some to the S. E. others to the S. and several to the S. W. I therefore judged it necessary to make the signal for the chasing ships to join me, which they all did about seven o'clock in the evening, and I continued standing, to the S. E. under an easy

sail all that night, the enemy's squadron in sight, and making many signals.

At day-light in the morning of the 17th, the body of the enemy's squadron bore N. by E. of our's, distant about three leagues, the weather very hazy, with light winds and frequent squalls of short duration from the N. N. E. the enemy crowding all the sail they could towards our squadron.

At six in the morning I made the signal for our squadron to form the line of battle a-head; at 25 minutes past eight, our line a-head being formed with great difficulty, from the want of wind and frequent intervals of calm, I made the signal for the leading ship to make the same sail as the admiral, and made sail formed in the line a-head, intending to weather the enemy, that I might engage them closely. At ten, the enemy's squadron having the advantage of the squalls from the N. N. E. (which always reached them first, and in consequence continued longest with them) neared us very fast, and I made the signal for our line to alter the course two points to leeward; the enemy then steering down on the rear of our line, in an irregular double line a-breast. At half past noon, I made the signal for our squadron to form the line of battle a-breast, in order to draw the rear of our line closer to the centre, and prevent the enemy from breaking in on it, and attacking it when separated. At three in the afternoon, the enemy still pushing on to our rear in a double line a-breast, I again altered my course in the line, in order to draw our rear ships still closer to the centre; and at forty minutes after three, finding it impossible to avoid the enemy's attack, under all the disadvantages of little or no wind to work our ships, and of being to leeward of them, I made the signal for our squadron to form at once into the line of battle a-head. At four, the *Exeter* (which was the sternmost ship in our rear when formed in line of battle a-head on the larboard tack) not being quite closed to her second a-head, three of the enemy's ships in their first line bore down upon her, whilst four more of their second line, headed by the *Hero*, in which ship *Monf. Suffrein* had his flag, hauled along the outside of the first line towards our centre. At five minutes past four, the enemy's three ships began their fire on the *Exeter*, which was returned by her, and her second a-head. At ten minutes past four I made the signal for battle, and at 12 minutes past the action became general from our rear to our centre, the commanding ship of the enemy, with three others of their second line, leading down on our centre, yet never at any time advancing farther than opposite to the *Superbe*, our centre ship, with little or no wind, and some heavy rain during the engagement.

Under

* *Superbe, Exeter, Monarca, Hero, Worcester, Burford, Monmouth, Eagle, Isis, Seaborse, Combustion.*

Under these circumstances, the enemy brought eight of their best ships to the attack of five of our's, as the van of our line, consisting of the Monmouth, Eagle, Burford, and Worcester, could not be brought into action, without tacking on the enemy; and although the signal for that purpose was at the mast-head ready for hoisting, there was neither wind sufficient to enable them to tack, nor for the five ships of our centre and rear, then engaged with the enemy, hard pressed, and much disabled in their masts, yards, sails, and rigging, to follow them, without an almost certainty of separating our van from our rear.

At six in the afternoon, a squall of wind from the S. E. took our ships, and paid them round the head on to the enemy to the north eastward, when the engagement was renewed by our five ships, with great spirit and alacrity, from our starboard guns; and at 25 minutes past six, just before dark, the enemy's ships engaged with our's having visibly suffered severely, the whole of them hauled their wind, and stood to the N. E.

At this time the Superbe had lost her main yard, shot into two pieces in the flings, had five feet water in her hold, and continued for some time to gain on all her pumps, until several of the largest shot-holes under water were plugged up, and neither brace nor bow-line left entire; and the Exeter, reduced almost to the state of a wreck, had made a signal of distress. The other three ships in her rear, the Monarca, Isis, and Hero, had suffered less, as the enemy's fire appeared plainly to be directed principally against the Superbe and Exeter.

It is with particular pleasure I have to acquaint their lordships, that the officers and men of the five ships, engaged against such superior force of the enemy, behaved through the whole action with the greatest steadiness and bravery.

After the action, I stood to the southward under little sail all night; and in the morning, at day-light, found the Superbe's main-mast, fore-mast, and bowsprit so much wounded, as to render it exceeding dangerous to carry sail on them; the Exeter's masts were also much damaged, and the shot-holes in all the ships that had been engaged so far under water, as to render it impossible to stop them, but by giving the ships deep heels in smooth water; all which, and the wind continuing to blow from the northward, determined me to proceed to Trincomalee, as the only proper place to refit the disabled ships, and I accordingly arrived there on the 24th; and having done, with the utmost expedition, what repairs were absolutely necessary to put the disabled ships

into a condition for service, I sailed from that place with the squadron on the 4th of last month. On the 12th I arrived at Madras with the squadron, having seen nothing of the enemy's squadron on my passage from Trincomalee to that place. Their squadron was commanded by M. D'Orves when it left the islands; but he dying a few days after its arrival on this coast, the command devolved on Monsieur Suffrein. On their passage from the islands to this coast, they fell in with his Majesty's ship the Hannibal, Capt. Christie, off the west coast of Sumatra, and took her: this ship raised the number of their line of battle ships to twelve, against nine under my command; had she joined me, our disparity both in number and force would not have been so great.

I am much concerned to inform their Lordships, that his Majesty's sloop the Chaser, commanded by Capt. Parr, was captured by the enemy's frigate the Bellona, in her way to Madras Road, from a cruise on the northern part of this coast.

Total of the killed and wounded on board his Majesty's ships.

Killed — 32

Wounded — 95—127

Among whom were the under-mentioned officers, viz.

Superbe. Captain Stevens, wounded (since dead) Lieutenants Hughes and Newcome, wounded.

Exeter. Captain Reynolds, killed; Lieutenant Charles Jones, wounded.

Extract of a letter from Sir Edward Hughes to Mr. Stephens, dated on board his Majesty's ship Superbe, in Trincomalee Bay, May 10, 1782.

I Had the pleasure to address you by letter on the 4th of last month, and have now that of communicating to you, for their lordships further information, an account of the transactions of his Majesty's squadron as per margin*, and of the enemy's; to this time.

In my last I mentioned the junction of his Majesty's ships Sultan and Magnanime with the squadron on the 30th of March; both ships were then very sickly, and much reduced by the scurvy; but as I had on board the squadron a re-enforcement of troops for this garrison, and a quantity of military stores, I judged it most for the publick service, especially as I knew the enemy's squadron was to the southward, not to return to Madras to land the sick and scorbatick of these two ships, but to proceed direct for Trincomalee, and there to land the re-enforcement and military stores, as well as the sick of the Sultan and Magnanime, without either seeking or shunning the enemy.

In pursuance of this resolution, I stood

* Superbe, Sultan, Hero, Monarca, Burford, Exeter, Magnanime, Monmouth, Worcester, Eagle, Isis, Seaborse, Combustion fire-ship.

with the Squadron to the southward, and on the 6th of April fell in with a French ship left from Mauritius, having on board despatches from France for their commanders in chief by sea and land: this ship was chased on shore and burnt near Tranquebar, the officers and men escaping with the despatches.

On the 8th about noon, I came in sight of the enemy's squadron, consisting of 13 sail, in the N. E. quarter, and continued my course for this place. On the 9th, 10th, and 11th, the enemy still in sight. On the 11th having made the coast of Ceylon, 15 leagues to windward of Trincomalee, I bore away for that place. On the 12th at day-light, the position of the enemy's squadron being altered by my bearing away, so as to give them the wind of our's I discovered them crowding all the sail they could set after us; and their copper-bottomed ships coming up fast with the ships in our rear therefore determined to engage them.

At nine in the forenoon I made the signal for the ships in our Squadron to form the line of battle a-head on the starboard tack, at two cables length distance from each other, the enemy then bearing N. by E. distant about six miles, and the wind at N. by E. they continued manœuvring their ships, and changing their positions in their line, till fifteen minutes past noon, when they bore away to engage us; five sail of their van stretching along to engage the ships of our van, and the other seven sail steering directly on our centre ships, the Superbe, the Monmouth, her second a-head, and the Monarca, her second a-stern. At half past one the engagement began in the van of both squadrons; three minutes after I made the signal for battle. The French Admiral in the Hero, and his second a-stern the L'Orient, bore down on the Superbe, within pistol shot. The Hero continued her position, giving and receiving a severe fire for nine minutes, and then stood on, greatly damaged, to attack the Monmouth, at that time engaged with another of the enemy's ships, making room for the ships in his rear to come up to the attack of our centre, where the engagement was hottest. At three the Monmouth had her mizen-mast shot away, and, in a few minutes after, her main-mast, and bore out of the line to leeward. At 40 minutes past three the wind unexpectedly continuing far northerly, without any sea breeze, and being careful not to entangle our ships with the shore, I made the signal for the Squadron to wear, and haul their wind in a line of battle a-head on the larboard tack, still engaging the enemy. At forty minutes past five, being in fifteen fathom water, and apprehensive lest the Monmouth might, in her disabled state, drift too near the shore, I made the signal for the Squadron to prepare to anchor. At

40 minutes past six the enemy's Squadron drew off in great disorder to the eastward, and the engagement ceased, their admiral having shifted his flag from the Hero to the French Hannibal, on account of the Hero's disabled state; and soon after I anchored with the Squadron, the Superbe close to the Monmouth, in order to repair our damages, which, on board the Superbe and Monmouth, were very great in the hulls, masts, sails, and rigging; and almost all the ships had suffered considerably in their masts, sails, and rigging.

Much about this time the French frigate La Fine, being ordered, I suppose, to tow and assist their disabled ship the Hero, fell on board his Majesty's ship Isis, and had actually struck his colours to her; but taking advantage of the darkness of the night, and the state the Isis was in, just come out of action, in which she had a number of men killed and wounded, and otherwise ill manned, the frigate got clear of the Isis, and escaped.

An account of the number of officers and men killed and wounded on board the several ships of the Squadron is herewith enclosed.

On the morning of the 13th, at day-light, I found the enemy's Squadron had anchored about five miles without us, in much disorder and apparent distress; but they had lost no lower masts: both squadrons were busily employed in repairing damages, drawing into order for defense, the enemy seeming to apprehend an attack from us, and I myself uncertain if they would not renew the engagement, in order to get hold of the Monmouth. In these situations both squadrons continued at anchor till the 19th in the morning, when the enemy's got under sail with the land wind, and stood out to sea close-hauled, and at noon tacked with the sea breeze, and stood in for the body of our Squadron, as if with intent to attack; but after coming within two miles of us, finding us prepared to receive them, they again tacked and stood to the eastward by the wind; and I have not since been able to learn certainly where they are gone. Having refitted the Monmouth in the best manner our situation would admit, with jury, main, and mizen-masts, I sailed with his Majesty's Squadron for this place on the 22d, and anchored here on the evening of the same day, immediately landing the reinforcement and military stores destined for the garrison, and the sick and wounded.

In this situation of the Squadron, and its men, I thought it best for his Majesty's service to remain at anchor here, and to set about the repairs of the hulls, masts, and rigging of the several ships, while the sick enjoy every benefit of fresh meat, vegetables, and wine on shore, for their recovery.

I have

I have the satisfaction to inform their lordships, that I shall be able to remast the Monmouth by the end of this month, from the spare stores on board the several ships; and that the damage they sustained in the last engagement will be every way made good about that time.

Abstract of the killed and wounded, on board his Majesty's ships.

Ships.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Superbe,	59	96	155
Exeter,	4	40	44
Magnanime,	—	17	17
Monmouth,	45	102	147
Monarca,	7	28	35
Worcester,	8	26	34
Burford,	6	36	42
Eagle,	—	22	22
Heo,	2	13	15
Sultan,	—	9	9
Isis,	6	71	77
	137	430	567

Among the killed were the following officers, viz.

Superbe—Two lieutenants, master.

Monmouth—One lieutenant of marines.

Worcester—One lieutenant.

Burford—One lieutenant of marines.

Names not mentioned.

Extract of a letter from Sir Edward Hughes to Mr. Stephens, dated on board his Majesty's ship Superbe, in Trincomale-Bay, June 15, 1782.

I Have the particular pleasure to advise you for their lordship's information, that his Majesty's armed transport the Royal Charlotte joined me in this bay to day, and brings advice of the safe arrival of his Majesty's armed transports the San Carlos, Resolution, and Raikes, with the Porpus store-

ship, at Madras. On their passage round Ceylon, they were chased by four ships of the enemy's squadron, eighteen of which they saw at anchor off Batacalo, a Dutch port on this island, about twenty leagues to the southward of Trincomale, but lost them in the night, from which and other intelligence I have good reason to believe the whole of the French squadron under Mons. Suffrein is now there.

Extract of a letter from Sir Edward Hughes to Mr. Stephens, dated on board his Majesty's ship Superbe, in Trincomale-Bay, June 15, 1782.

ON the 9th of this month I received intelligence, that the French squadron was about to sail from Baticola a few days before, and on the 10th I sent an officer in an armed vessel, with orders to proceed along the coast to the southward with caution, and to reconnoitre that port, which he did; and returned to me on the 11th, with certain intelligence that the French squadron had sailed thence.

As I have reason to believe the enemy's squadron is gone to the coast of Coromandel, in order to procure what supplies they can of naval stores from the Danes at Tranquebar (whose outward bound ships generally arrive about this time with large quantities of naval stores) and co-operate with Heider Ali and their own land forces, it is my intention to embark in a day or two all such men, now in the hospital here, as can be any ways serviceable on board; and I hope to be in condition to sail from hence by the 20th, in pursuit of them.

N. B. For what remains of the Chronology see the Appendix, which will be published with all convenient speed.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWELVE Articles of a Catholick Confession are under consideration.

An Oxford Reformation Poem is inadmissible both from age and locality.

We have not forgotten W. S.'s mathematical question.

Our not inserting Thomas R——'s letter ought to have satisfied him we did not think it would be of any service to our Magazine. We still wish, however, to see his MS.

Verses to Miss Matty we may find a place for on some future occasion.

B. S. we wish to excuse our admitting his Essay on Dedications. We think the subject much too uninteresting. Every man of reading may easily accumulate from inexhaustible stores of puritanical and gothic literature, a variety of such materials hitherto unexplored by the publick, but the publick are not to be amused with obsolete nostrums of diseased dullness, or the unintelligible reveries of a frantick theology. We regret sincerely every spark of genius thus unprofitably expended.

A P P E N D I X

TO THE

LONDON MAGAZINE:

FOR 1782.

STATE PAPERS:

A CURIOUS AND AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF THE GREAT POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN THE TIME OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

The strongest and best concerted opposition that ever prevailed against a corrupt and pernicious administration was that which was carried on against Sir Robert Walpole, under the influence and direction of Mr. Pulteney. It terminated in the removal of the premier, and the admission of the opposite party into the great offices of state. The following account of some curious and interesting facts relating to this great political revolution, was drawn up at that time, but not published, by Dr. Thomas Newton, at that time chaplain to the Earl of Bath, and afterwards Bishop of Bristol.

At the beginning of the new parliament, in 1741, when it appeared, by the choice of a chairman for the committee of elections, and by the Westminster election, and some other points carried against the court, that Sir Robert Walpole could no longer maintain his power in the House of Commons, the Duke of Newcastle requested of Mr. Pulteney to give him and the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke the meeting privately, one evening, at Mr. Stone's house at Whitehall. Though he had all due respect for those two great persons, yet he prudently declined to give them a private meeting, as in that critical situation of affairs it might give advantage to his enemies, and occasion jealousy in his friends: but he was willing to receive them publickly at his own house, and only desired, that as they were two, one other might be joined with him, naming Lord Carteret, to which they readily consented. Accordingly they met at Mr. Pulteney's house that evening; and his Grace began, by saying that

they came deputed from his Majesty; that his Majesty was sensible Sir Robert Walpole could not any longer carry on the business of the House, and therefore his Majesty was willing to throw all his affairs into Mr. Pulteney's hands; but upon this express condition, that Sir Robert Walpole should not be prosecuted; for the King could not consistently with his honour give him up to the people. Mr. Pulteney replied, that if that condition was to be made the foundation of the treaty, the treaty must be at an end before it had begun; for that was a condition that he never would comply with: but even supposing it was his inclination, yet it might never be in his power to fulfil such an engagement, for the heads of parties were somewhat like the heads of snakes, which were urged on by the tail. He therefore neither could, nor ever would accept of such a condition. For his part, he would be no screen; but, if his Majesty pleased to have any further treaty or discourse with him, he was very ready to pay his duty at St. James's, though he had not been there for so many years; but he would not come privately,

privately, but publickly and openly at noon day, to prevent all jealousy and suspicion, and so they broke up, and the meeting ended without effect. Before they parted, some Champagne was called for, and the Duke of Newcastle drank "Here's to a happier meeting." Mr. Pulteney immediately replied, out of Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar,

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

A day or two passed, and nothing further was transacted; but then another meeting was desired, at the same place, of the same company, and they met accordingly. The noble Duke said that he was now commissioned by his Majesty to give up every thing into the honourable gentleman's hands, and without the condition that was mentioned before: but only his Majesty begged and entreated of him, if any prosecution should be commenced against Sir Robert Walpole, though he might not choose to oppose it, yet that he would not inflame it; the thing was not insisted upon, but was left to his generosity and good-nature. He made answer, that he was by no means a man of blood; what might be done, or might be proper to be done, he could not undertake to say; he must take the opinion and advice of his friends; but he thought the same parliamentary censure at least ought to be inflicted for so many years of mal-administration. The noble Duke said further, by authority from his Majesty, that he hoped the honourable gentleman would not be for distressing the government, or making too many alterations now in the midst of a session of parliament, but that he and his friends would be content for the present with the removal of Sir Robert Walpole and a few others. The honourable gentleman was so far from ever intending to distress his Majesty's government, that he had always the most dutiful thoughts and affections towards him: and he was sensible enough that to make all the changes now in the midst of the session would put too great a stop to the publick business, and throw every thing into confusion. For upon new changes there must of course be new writs and new elections: and if the parliament should

be adjourned till all the members could be re-chosen, the business of the nation could not go on, nor the necessary supplies be raised in due time; and, if the parliament should not be adjourned, then those who should be turned out would, during the vacancies, be too strong for those who should come in, and might undo all that was doing, and set every thing afloat again, so that there would be little less than a civil war in the parliament and in the nation. His moderation, therefore, was as great and conspicuous as his prudence. He did not insist upon a total change of every person belonging to the court; he acknowledged that he had no particular objection (for instance) to the noble Duke or the Lord Chancellor: but, he said, that there must be an alteration of men as well as of measures; and for the present he insisted only upon the main forts of government being delivered into their hands, as their security for the rest; that is, upon a majority in the cabinet council; upon a Secretary of State for Scotland; upon a Board of Treasury, and of Admiralty; and upon turning out some other persons who were most obnoxious. Some of these points were controverted; but Mr. Pulteney insisting absolutely upon them, they were at last yielded to him. It was not without some reluctance that his Grace assented; and he said that he supposed the honourable gentleman would choose to be himself at the head of the Treasury; it was his Majesty's earnest and repeated desire that he would be so. "No (said the honourable gentleman) as the disposition of places is put into my hands, I will accept of none myself; I have often declared against accepting any place, and will be constant to myself;" and named Lord Carteret to be at the head of the Treasury, who bowed, and was very thankful to him for the honour he had done him, and readily accepted it. He named likewise Mr. Sandys to be Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Lord Carteret, and Sir John Rushout, Mr. Gybbon, and Mr. Waller for the other commissioners. A new Board of Admiralty was also named, and Sir John Hind Cotton was one of them. The Marquis of Tweeddale was likewise appointed Secretary of State for Scotland. These and some other matters were agreed

agreed and adjusted at this meeting; and, before they parted, the honourable gentleman declared, that he was under such engagements with the Duke of Argyle, that he must acquaint him with all that had passed, and neither should he oblige him to secrecy, but leave him at liberty to tell Lord Chesterfield, or Lord Cobham, or any of his friends, as he saw proper, or not. The Duke of Newcastle with some unwillingness consented to it; and so this meeting ended with better effect than the former. But during this time Lord Cobham and several others were forming a party among themselves. For they were offended at Lord Carteret's being called to these meetings, whom they by no means loved or esteemed; they resented and took it ill that he should be so much more considered and trusted than any of them. And this unseasonable, and I may say, unreasonable jealousy, arose to such a height, that when Mr. Pulteney came to talk with his friends, and particularly to Mr. Waller, of what he designed for him, Mr. Waller hesitated whether he should accept it, and was doubtful and scrupulous of coming in, unless the party were to come in one and all together. Mr. Pulteney demonstrated the impracticability of such a scheme at present; showed him that they should have power enough in their hands to secure all the rest in future; conjured him not to begin a schism and division among themselves; entreated him not to give their enemies such an advantage over them: for though they were too strong for the court party now they were united, yet the court party would be too strong for them if they should be divided. Sir John Hind Cotton likewise raised some difficulties, which there is no need particularly to mention. And thus divisions were growing up apace among those, whose greatest strength consisted in their union.

The same party likewise got about the Prince, and infused their notions into him, insomuch that his Royal Highness desired Mr. Pulteney to meet several lords, in order to consider and discourse upon the matter in his presence: there were to be the Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Cobham, Lord Gower, Lord Bathurst, and some others. It was unequal for

one alone to engage so many great men, but, however, he was secure of the goodness of his cause, and only desired that the Earl of Scarborough might also be present. They made their objections severally, and he answered one and answered another. The main of what they urged was, that there ought to be a total change of administration; that the alterations intended were not sufficient; that too many of Sir Robert Walpole's friends would be left about the King, and things would still continue under his influence; he would direct and manage all behind the curtain. The honourable gentleman argued, that he could see no reason for these fears and apprehensions. He could not answer, indeed, but Sir Robert Walpole might continue a greater personal favourite with the King than any of them, or than all of them together: but it could not be in Sir Robert Walpole's power to hurt them, if they kept united among themselves; nothing could hurt them but their own divisions. They had nothing else to fear; for they should have the staff in their own hands; and by the changes which were now to be made they should have power enough to make any other changes which they might think proper at the end of the session. For he had stipulated for his Grace, Lord Cobham, Lord Gower, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Earl of Winchelsea, Lord Carteret, and himself to be of the cabinet council (Lord Chesterfield was omitted for particular reasons) and they seven would make so very great a majority, that they should have the direction of every thing there. And then too they should have all the power of the Treasury in their hands; they should have all the power of the Admiralty, and several other considerable places. What had they then to fear? If they were to make a thorough change at this time, there would be nothing but disorder and confusion: but these pledges in their hands at present, they should have security enough for the future; all the rest would follow of course, and they might command whenever they pleased. In short, his Royal Highness declared himself satisfied with these reasons, and it was unanimously agreed that they should all go to court.

We have less occasion to be particular

lar in relating what passed at the Fountain tavern, as it was more publick, and is more generally known how there was a meeting there of Lords and Commons: how much the same objections were made, and much the same answers returned: how some indecent reflections were cast upon the honourable gentleman, and particularly by the Duke of Argyle, who said that a grain of honesty was worth a cart-load of gold: how the honourable gentleman thought it very hard (as he might well think it very hard) for such reflections to be cast upon him, who had done every thing for them, and nothing for himself: how he thought it still harder for such reflections to proceed from one, who had enjoyed so many lucrative posts under Sir Robert Walpole's administration, who had concurred in all his measures for so many years together, and consequently had less merit in the opposition, having joined in it so very lately, after almost all the heat and burden of the day: he assured them, however, of his zeal for the common cause, and begged of them to beware of jealousies, as the only thing that could ruin them: he pressed unanimity at home, and the support of the war abroad; he insisted that all things would be settled to their satisfaction, if they did not prevent it by their divisions; and the greatest part were satisfied, or seemed at least to be satisfied, with his arguments and declarations.

Here were fine advantages given to the adverse party; and no wonder that at court they remembered the old maxim, *divide et impera*, and resolved to make use of it. For seeing and hearing of these things, they began now to recover their spirits, sneered at the honourable gentleman, and said scoffingly and insultingly enough, that, he could not so much as command his own party, that he could not be sure of his own friends, that his friends were falling off from him, and the like. It was intimated now, that his Majesty did not approve of Lord Carteret for the first commissioner of the Treasury, but was content that he should be secretary of state. His Majesty would very willingly have placed the honourable gentleman himself at the head of the Treasury; but since he had declined it, his Majesty was desirous that Lord Wilmington might succeed to it; his Ma-

jeesty had engaged his royal word to him that he should succeed; he was his old and faithful servant, and the honourable gentleman and his friends could have no objection to him. His Majesty also himself requested Mr. Pulteney to prevail with his friend Lord Carteret, to desist from his purpose, which request he the rather complied with, as he was satisfied that Lord Wilmington neither could nor would obstruct their measures in the Treasury, and as he knew very well that his friend Lord Carteret would excel so much more in one capacity than in the other, being more conversant in foreign affairs than in matters relating to the finances. A little afterwards some objections were made to the honourable gentleman's list of the Lords of the Admiralty; his Majesty could by no means agree to make them all; and it was insisted that some of the King's friends (as they were called) should be of the number. A demurrer was likewise made to some alterations, which had been stipulated and agreed. And thus was the court beginning to reap considerable advantages from the divisions of the country party. However, the Duke of Argyle was restored to his places, Lord Cobham was restored to a regiment, and several other alterations were made, which need not be here enumerated. But at the same time, the honourable gentleman was sensible of that noble duke's warmth of temper, and was afraid that some persons might take advantage of it, and inflame him, and hurry him beyond the bounds of moderation. He was likewise apprehensive that the noble duke might not be looked upon at court with so gracious an eye as he might expect; and though he was restored to all his places, yet he might not find himself restored to favour. He conjured him therefore to take no notice of it, as his grace knew the temper there well enough; in a little time he might be received more graciously; and he insisted upon his grace's word and honour, that he would not resign his places without first acquainting him. His grace promised accordingly upon his word and honour. But Mr. Pulteney, tired and almost wearied out, went only for a day or two into the country for a little fresh air, and when he came to town again, the first thing he heard was, that the

the Duke of Argyle had been at court that morning, and had resigned all his places. He was heartily vexed, as a more fatal step could not have been taken to undo all that he was doing; and while he was labouring all he could to reconcile the King to the country party, this he was certain would provoke and exasperate him more against it. And then during that unhappy period, when he was confined by the sickness and death of his dearly beloved and only daughter, the opposition had a mind to show that they could be still a formidable opposition, and carry things without him; and therefore they determined to move for a secret committee to be appointed for enquiring into Lord Orford's administration. Here we are sorry to say, that the Lords Winchelsea and Carteret did not act the fair and candid part, in making use of his name without his authority, by intimating to his friends that it would be agreeable to him, if they would not attend any such motion. Accordingly the motion was made while he was confined at home, and while Mr. Sandys was gone down to Worcester to be re-elected; and, as it is very well known, was lost by a considerable majority against it. But as soon as ever he could with decency appear again in public, to clear himself from all imputation of being the screen that he was unjustly supposed to be, he made the motion himself for a secret committee to examine into Lord Orford's conduct for ten years last past, and he carried it: but at the same time desired to be excused from being one of the committee, on account of some expressions which he had thrown out in the heat of opposition. No man was more desirous than he, that the nation should have justice; but then he would not have that justice sullied by any thing that might look like personal pique and private revenge. If this enquiry terminated in nothing more effectual than it did, the defect must be attributed partly to the cold water, which had already been thrown upon it, and partly to the want of a bill to indemnify those persons who should confess any corrupt practices, which bill was chiefly by his means carried through the House of Commons, but was thrown out of the House of Lords; and yet from the report of the secret committee, enough appeared to show that some-

thing worse lay at the bottom. But still jealousies and divisions prevailed more and more in the country party, and the court party not only recovered courage, but regained strength, and the honourable gentleman between both, as it were between two fires, was really in a very unhappy situation, for as on one side the country suspected him and were falling off from him, because the court did not fulfil their engagements to him; so on the other side the court did not fulfil their engagements to him, because they saw the country were falling off from him. The broad-bottom (as it was called) were now become the subject of derision. And his Majesty would suffer no more of them to be placed about him. The Tories were treated as little better than Jacobites, and as altogether unfit for his Majesty's service. Inasmuch that the honourable gentleman at several audiences, and upon several occasions, pressed and urged again, and again, that the Tories were by no means Jacobites, but to use them as Jacobites was the ready way to make them so; that two thirds of the nation were Tories, and several of them were men of great estates and fortunes; and why should his Majesty make himself only the head of a party, when he might be King of the whole nation? He was himself a Whig, and his most intimate friends and companions were Whigs; and he would have the main body of the tree in his Majesty's government to consist of Whigs, but then he wished to have some Tories inoculated and engrafted upon it. The Tories were not many of them masters of numbers, or languages, and consequently could not, and did not expect the first posts in the government: but his Majesty by giving a few places at court to some of the most considerable, and by making others lord-lieutenants of counties, and by some other marks of his royal favour, taking off the heads and leaders of them, might draw the teeth of all the rest, and they could never more unite in opposition to his government. His Majesty by these means might abolish all distinction of parties, and would enjoy a peaceable and glorious reign ever after. These things the honourable gentleman enlarged, and insisted upon at several audiences; and he was determined not to go up into the House of Lords, till he could prevail

vail at least in some instances. That there were not more such instances the opposition must thank themselves; for indeed they had used him most hardly, and not only teased and worried him with their private jealousies and suspicions, but had slandered and reviled him in the most public and outrageous manner. It is no wonder therefore, after so many provocations, if he grew more indifferent to the party in general, and laboured principally to serve some particular men, for whom he had more regard, and who had more personal regard for him. Lord Gower and Lord Bathurst he considered as men of very great figure and interest in their respective counties; but it was with the utmost difficulty, that he could carry his point for them and a few others of his friends. Lord Hervey stuck like a burr, and there was no brushing him off.

Lord Hervey, in his younger days, had a very scanty allowance from his father, but being a youth of promising parts, he was in a good measure supported by Mr. Pulteney, was long entertained in his house, and cherished in his bosom, till like a serpent he stung him, wrote against him, and challenged, and fought with him, but was vanquished at both weapons, the pen as well as the sword, by the one made the general object of ridicule, by the other wounded and disabled in the sword arm. He was such a wicked engine at court, that it was an arduous task to get him removed, and other changes made in favour of Lord Gower and Lord Bathurst. The honourable gentleman was forced to struggle hard, and to gain ground as we say by inches. He was determined, however, not to accept of a peerage, till he had succeeded in these instances at least; and they all kissed hands together. His heart was also set upon promoting, and carrying, as far as lay in his power, those popular laws, for which he contended when he was at the head of the opposition, and which the nation in a manner demanded and expected, and one of these popular laws was the Place bill, by which were excluded from the House of Commons, the seven commissioners of the revenue in Ireland, the seven commissioners of the navy and victualling offices, the clerks of the Treasury, Exchequer, Admiralty, &c. &c. in all

above two hundred officers and placemen of different kinds. If more had been attempted, the whole would have miscarried: but this was more than the people had ever gained before, at any one time, or by any one law of the same nature. Another of his popular laws was levelled against bribery in elections, and subjects every offender in this kind to a penalty of five hundred pounds: and this law he enforced in the first instance, by a prosecution for bribery at the Heddon election, and there have been other instances since, of the like exemplary punishment. Amongst other popular laws, one was much insisted upon for the better regulation of elections, as several notorious abuses had been committed by returning officers and others at the late general elections, a bill for this purpose was brought into the House of Commons, and he supported it with all his eloquence; but it was found to be of too complicated a nature, and the rights of election were so various, that they could not at all be comprized and adjusted in one bill, and therefore it was laid aside for that time. The next session it was thought proper to be divided into three bills, one for Scotland, another for the cities and boroughs in England, and a third for the counties. That for Scotland was passed into a law. The other for the cities and boroughs in England passed the House of Commons, but was thrown out by the House of Lords. He supported it in the House of Lords, as he had done before in the House of Commons; but he could not command a majority, and he complained upon this, as he had upon other occasions, that the government would not do popular things, and then wondered that they were unpopular.

No man was ever a truer friend to the British constitution, or wished more ardently than he, that those deficiencies, which were left in it at the Revolution, were supplied, and that it was carried to the utmost perfection, which any human system is capable of receiving. And it was extremely unjust that he should be censured by one side as if he had power to do every thing, and at the same time, not be suffered by the other to do even those popular things, which had been particularly stipulated and agreed between them. If he had bargained for himself, it would have been

been another thing, but his bargains were all for the public, for the honour of the King, and for the benefit of the kingdom. He took nothing for himself, but what was pressed upon him again and again, and he certainly obliged them much more by accepting it, than they intended to oblige him by giving it. A peerage, though no doubt very desirable in itself for any man of family and fortune, yet could be no particular bribe or temptation to him; for it is what he might have had almost at any time, was offered to him at several times, and particularly by Queen Caroline. Her Majesty was one day lamenting that he was such an enemy to Sir Robert Walpole, and desired by all means to reconcile and to make them friends. Mr. Pulteney replied, that he had no quarrel with Sir Robert Walpole but upon a public account; he was not an enemy to his person but only to his administration; as he thought that he advised their Majesties to measures, which were neither for the interest of their family, nor for the good of the kingdom. Her Majesty still expressed her desire to make them friends. And asked him, "Why he would not

go up into the House of Lords; he should have any title that he thought proper. "He humbly thanked her Majesty, and said that the House of Commons was the field of action, and there he should desire to continue as long as he was able to serve his country: but when he found that he could no longer do the good that he would, or when he should be more advanced in years, he might then perhaps be willing enough to end his days in that hospital of invalids. The time was now come that he could no longer do the good that he would, through the violence of one party, the artifices of the other, and the falsehood and treachery of both. Both had used him extremely ill, and he was glad perhaps to quit both, by going into that honourable retirement. We may therefore blame the opposition, we may blame the court, but no one can justly blame him, unless it be for not taking the post of prime minister: and yet, perhaps he chose the better part. For when there cannot be, as the Roman orator says, *Negotium sine periculo*, the next thing to be considered is certainly *otium cum dignitate*."

LETTERS by the Right Hon. THOMAS TOWNSHEND, Esq. one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of the City of London: with Remarks.

JUST when the nation was on tip-toe for the meeting of parliament, whether the premier dreaded the senate of the people, or whether his venal phalanx was not wholly completed, or whether the court of Versailles amused the British cabinet with any thing like a negotiation for peace is still uncertain, but the following letter flung the community into a scene of the strangest confusion:

MY LORD,

HIS Majesty's ministers, anxious to prevent, as early as possible, the mischief too commonly resulting from speculations in the funds during the uncertain state of negotiations for peace with the powers at war, and which it is for the general honour and interest of all great powers to avoid, have thought it their duty to ask his Majesty's permission to communicate to you, for the information of the public, that the negotiations for peace, which are carrying on at Paris, are brought

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so far to a point, as to promise a decisive conclusion for peace or war, before the meeting of parliament, which will, on that account, be prorogued to the 5th of next month.

I have likewise his Majesty's command to assure your Lordship, you will receive immediate notice of the issue.

I have the honour to be, &c.

T. TOWNSHEND.

REMARKS.

Such is the letter—The most curious epistle, I will venture to say, that ever infused curiosity into the minds of mankind. It partakes of four natures. It is Lacedemonian, Hibernian, Venetian, and Carthaginian. It is Lacedemonian in brevity, and Hibernian in accuracy. Mr. Townshend is the right owner of these two virtues. No man can read the letter without having in the mind's eye, his collected reasoning, his well conducted climax, his decisive eloquence. The author lives in every

line. Its Venetian and Punic merits claim the First Lord of the Treasury for a parent. It is a principle in the government of Venice to debauch the people. Since the days of Claudius (who wrote a Treatise upon Hazard) there never was so effectual a summons to profligacy as this very letter. It sets the whole country a-gambling. All concerns for the state are enveloped in the zeal for betting. The minister may be his own master in this universal suspense, this general anxiety. He has intoxicated the whole nation; and, like a sordid courtesan, he may rifle the pockets, after debauching the senses of his victim. But, if the Venetian qualities of the letter did not emphatically vouch for the Earl of Shelburne, its Punic subtilty puts its second parent out of all question.

This letter is above all kindred. Like *Magna Charta*, like the miracles of the apostles, like the incarnation, it stands by itself—a supreme transaction—unprecedented, original, and unassimilating!

It has not escaped the wit even of the Common Council, and scarce an alderman who has not hammered out some droll thing in contempt of the Secretary of State's epistle.

A second Letter from Secretary TOWNSHEND to his Lordship.

Whitehall, Dec. 3.

MY LORD,
IN consequence of my letter to your

Lordship, of the 22d of last month, I take the earliest opportunity of acquainting you, that a messenger is this moment arrived from Paris, with an account of provisional articles having been signed the 30th of November, by his Majesty's commissioners, and the commissioners of the United States of America, to be inserted in and constitute a treaty of peace, which is to be concluded when terms of a peace shall be agreed upon between Great-Britain and France.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

REMARKS.

Such is the result of all the expectations which the publick have been taught to entertain of a peace from the Secretary's letter of the 22d of November. Never were the people of England more flagrantly gulled by any administration. It is hard to say whether their virtues or abilities are most to the honour of the country whose executive powers devolve on them. Such a composition as this from any man of a decent education would be contemptible. How that which is only *inserted in*, should at the same time *constitute a peace*, requires the genius of a minister to unravel. There is not, in fact, a grosser solecism in the language. And, to use an expression of Junius, it dances through the letter in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion.

HIS MAJESTY'S SPEECH TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Thursday, Dec. 5.

HIS Majesty came to the house in his usual state, and being seated on the throne, Sir Francis Molyneux, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, was sent with a message to the House of Commons, commanding their attendance in the House of Peers. The Commons attending accordingly, his Majesty was pleased to make the following most gracious speech:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

SINCE the close of the last session, I have employed my whole time in the care and attention which the important and critical conjuncture of publick affairs required of me.

I lost no time in giving the necessary

orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the Continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my parliament and my people: I have pointed all my views and measures, as well in Europe as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with those colonies.

Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offered to declare them free and independent states, by an article to be inserted in the treaty of peace. Provisional articles are agreed upon,

to take effect whenever terms of peace shall be finally settled with the court of France.

In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinion of my people. I make it my humble and earnest prayer to Almighty God, that Great-Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire; and, that America may be free from those calamities, which have formerly proved in the mother country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interest, affections may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries: to this end, neither attention nor disposition shall be wanting on my part.

While I have carefully abstained from all offensive operations against America, I have directed my whole force by land and sea against the other powers at war, with as much vigour as the situation of that force, at the commencement of the campaign, would permit. I trust that you feel the advantages resulting from the safety of the great branches of our trade. You must have seen with pride and satisfaction, the gallant defence of the governor and the garrison of Gibraltar; and my fleet, after having effected the object of their destination, offering battle to the combined force of France and Spain on their own coasts; those of my kingdoms have remained at the same time perfectly secure, and your domestic tranquillity uninterrupted. This respectable state, under the blessing of God, I attribute to the entire confidence which subsists between me and my people, and to the readiness which has been shown by my subjects in my city of London, and in other parts of my kingdoms, to stand forth in the general defence. Some proofs have lately been given of public spirit in private men, which would do honour to any age, and any country.

Having manifested to the whole world, by the most lasting examples, the signal spirit and bravery of my people, I conceived it a moment not unbecoming my dignity, and thought it a regard due to the lives and fortunes of such brave and gallant subjects, to show myself ready on my part, to embrace fair and

honourable terms of accommodation with all the powers at war.

I have the satisfaction to acquaint you, that negotiations to this effect are considerably advanced, the result of which, as soon as they are brought to a conclusion, shall be immediately communicated to you.

I have every reason to hope and believe, that I shall have it in my power in a very short time to acquaint you, that they have ended in terms of pacification, which, I trust, you will see just cause to approve. I rely, however, with perfect confidence on the wisdom of my parliament, and the spirit of my people, that if any unforeseen change in the dispositions of the belligerent powers should frustrate my confident expectations, they will approve of the preparations I have thought it advisable to make, and be ready to second the most vigorous efforts in the further prosecution of the war.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I have endeavoured by every measure in my power to diminish the burthens of my people. I lost no time in taking the most decided measures for introducing a better œconomy into the expenditure of the army.

I have carried into strict execution the several reductions in my civil list expences, directed by an act of the last session. I have introduced a further reform into other departments, and suppressed several sinecure places in them. I have by this means so regulated my establishments, that my expence shall not in future exceed my income.

I have ordered the estimate of the Civil List debt, laid before you last session, to be completed. The debt proving somewhat greater than could be then correctly stated, and the proposed reduction not immediately taking place, I trust you will provide for the deficiency, securing, as before, the re-payment out of my annual income.

I have ordered enquiry to be made into the application of the sum voted in support of the American sufferers; and I trust that you will agree with me, that a due and generous attention ought to be shown to those who have relinquished their properties or professions from motives of loyalty to me, or attachment to the mother country.

As it may be necessary to give stability to some regulations by act of parliament,

parliament, I have ordered accounts of the several establishments, incidental expences, fees, and other emoluments of office, to be laid before you. Regulations have already taken place in some, which it is my intention to extend to all, and which, besides expediting all publick business, must produce a very considerable saving, without taking from that ample encouragement, which ought to be held forth to talents, diligence, and integrity, wherever they are to be found.

I have directed an enquiry to be made into whatever regards the landed revenue of my crown, as well as the management of my woods and forests, that both may be made as beneficial as possible, and that the latter may furnish a certain resource for supplying the navy, our great national bulwark, with its first material.

I have directed an investigation into the department of the mint, that the purity of the coin, of so much importance to commerce, may be always adhered to; that by rendering the difficulty of counterfeiting greater, the lives of numbers may be saved, and every needless expence in it suppressed.

I must recommend to you an immediate attention to the great objects of the publick receipts and expenditure; and above all, to the state of the publick debt. Notwithstanding the great increase of it during the war, it is to be hoped that such regulations may still be established, such savings made, and future loans so conducted, as to promote the means of its gradual redemption by a fixed course of payment. I must, with particular earnestness, distinguish for your serious consideration, that part of the debt which consists of navy, ordnance, and victualling bills, the enormous discount upon some of these bills shows this mode of payment to be a most ruinous expedient.

I have ordered the several estimates, made up as correctly as the present practice admits, to be laid before you. I hope that such further corrections as may be necessary will be made before the next year. It is my desire that you should be apprised of every expence before it is incurred, as far as the nature of each service can possibly admit. Matters of account can never be made too publick.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

THE scarcity, and consequent high price of corn, requires your instant interposition.

The great excess to which the crimes of theft and robbery, in many instances, accompanied with personal violence, particularly in the neighbourhood of this metropolis, has called of late for a strict and severe execution of the laws. It were much to be wished that these crimes could be prevented in their infancy, by correcting the vices become prevalent in a most alarming degree.

The liberal principles adopted by you concerning the rights and the commerce of Ireland have done you the highest honour, and will, I trust, ensure that harmony which ought always to subsist between the two kingdoms. I am persuaded that a general increase of commerce throughout the empire, will prove the wisdom of your measures with regard to that object. I would recommend to you a revision of our whole trading system upon the same comprehensive principles, with a view to its utmost possible extension.

The regulation of a vast territory in Asia, opens a large field for your wisdom, prudence, and foresight. I trust that you will be able to frame some fundamental laws, which may make their connection with Great-Britain a blessing to India; and that you will take therein proper measures to give all foreign nations, in matters of foreign commerce, an entire and perfect confidence in the probity, punctuality, and good order of our government. You may be assured, that whatever depends upon me shall be executed with a steadiness which can alone preserve that part of my dominions, or the commerce which arises from it.

It is the fixed object of my heart to make the general good, and the true spirit of the constitution, the invariable rule of my conduct, and on all occasions to advance and reward merit in every profession.

To insure the full advantage of a government conducted on such principles, depends on your temper, your wisdom, your disinterestedness, collectively and individually.

My people expect these qualifications of you; and I call for them.

COURT.

COURT-MARTIAL FOR THE TRIAL OF LIEUT. GENERAL JAMES MURRAY.

At a COURT-MARTIAL held at the Horse-Guards before the Right Worshipful Sir Charles Gould, Knt. his Majesty's Advocate-General, on the Honourable Lieutenant-General JAMES MURRAY, late Governor of the Island of Minorca.

GEORGE R.

WHEREAS it has been most humbly represented unto Us, upon the information of Sir William Draper, Knight of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Lieutenant-General of Our forces, and late Lieutenant Governor of the island of Minorca, that Lieutenant-General James Murray, late governor of the said island, and commander in chief of our forces within the same, was, antecedent to the late siege, but after certain notice of the preparations making by the enemy for that purpose; as also during the said siege, and subsequent thereto; guilty of flagrant misbehaviour in the exercise of his command; as well as of culpable neglect in the several instances enumerated in a paper to this Our royal warrant annexed; and further, that the said Lieutenant-General James Murray was guilty of a shameful profusion and misapplication of the publick money and stores; and also of rapacity and extortion during his said command: and did unwarrantably commit divers acts of oppression and cruelty, the particular instances whereof are specified under these respective heads in the said paper hereunto annexed: and whereas it hath been moreover represented unto Us, upon the humble complaint of the said Lieutenant-General Sir William Draper, that the said Lieutenant-General James Murray, when his superior in command, did much aggrieve and wrong him the said Sir William Draper, by issuing an order on the 15th day of October, 1781, tending to dishonour and disgrace him, and to prevent him from doing his duty as Lieutenant-Governor, by falsely charging him with an attempt to take the command from him the Governor in Chief; and by superseding him the Lieutenant-Governor without just cause: and lastly,

by falsely giving out that the said Lieutenant-Governor had advised him the Governor to surrender the place sooner than he did: all which said matters of representation and complaint We think fit to be enquired into by a general court-martial; Our will and pleasure therefore is, that a general court-martial be forthwith held upon this occasion, which is to consist of Our trusty and well-beloved

Sir George Howard,

Knight of the Bath, General of Our forces, whom we do appoint to be President thereof;

And of Our trusty and well-beloved *Scudholm Hodgson,* General;

Our trusty and well-beloved

John Lambton, Thomas Gage, Frederick Cavendish, commonly called Lord Frederick Cavendish;

Our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin *Henry Earl of Pembroke;*

Our trusty and well-beloved

Cyrus Trapaud, Sir William Boothby, Baronet, Benjamin Carpenter, Bigoe Armstrong, Mariscoe Frederick, William Evelyn, Philip Sherrard, George Lane Parker, William Alexander Sorell, Lieutenant-Generals;

Our trusty and well-beloved

James Pattison, James Bramham, and Samuel Cleveland,

Major Generals of our forces.

All of whom, or the said president with any twelve or more of the said other officers, may constitute the said general court-martial: and you are to order the Provost Marshal-General of Our forces, or his deputy, to give notice to the said president and officers, and all others whom it may concern, when and where the said court-martial is to be held, and to summon such witnesses as may be able to give testimony in this matter; the said Provost-Marshal and his deputy being hereby directed to obey your orders, and give their attendance where it shall be requisite. And We do hereby authorise and empower the general court-martial to hear and examine all such matters and informations as shall be brought before them touching the representation and complaint aforesaid, and to proceed in the

the trial of the said Lieutenant-General James Murray, and in giving of sentence according to the rules of military discipline. And for so doing this shall be as well to you as to the said court-martial, and all others concerned, a sufficient warrant.

Given at Our Court at St. James's, this 16th day of October, 1782, in the twenty-second year of Our reign,

By his Majesty's command,
THO. TOWNSHEND.

*To Our trusty and well-beloved
Sir Charles Gould, Judge Advocate General of Our Forces,
or his deputy.*

*Instances of Misbehaviour alledged against
Lieut. General JAMES MURRAY,
by Lieutenant-General Sir WILLIAM
DRAPER, referred to in his Majesty's
Warrant of the 16th of October, 1782.*

Bad conduct before the siege.

1st, Suffering the troops in garrison at Fort St. Philip's to be without their officers, who lived at Mahon or George Town, in the month of February 1780, although there was, and had for some time past been an expectation of an attempt upon the island; the fortress of Fort St. Philip's being then also, from a variety of defects, in a very bad condition to sustain the enemy.

2dly, Suffering the offices of the house called Stanhope's Tower, to continue undemolished, which gave the enemy the great advantage of immediately taking post there, to the no small detriment and annoyance of his Majesty's troops.

3dly, Repairing the great road from Mahon to St. Philip's, by which the enemy's artillery was brought up to their batteries with the utmost ease, and this after he had repeatedly told the garrison that they would be attacked.

4thly, Neglecting to withdraw the stores and troops from Citadella and Tournelles in proper time, although he had received strong information from his Majesty's minister at Florence, and from others, that the enemy's descent would speedily take place, whereby those troops and stores were intercepted and lost.

5thly, Neglecting, on the descent of the Spaniards on the 19th of August, 1781, to order the naval and other

stores in the marine arsenal to be set on fire, whereby those important and valuable magazines fell into the hands of the enemy; and omitting to station vessels to prevent their rapid approach to Mahon, so that even his own goods, plans, and papers, were seized, and the troops retired into the fort with great confusion, loss, and disgrace.

6thly, Suffering the enemy to carry on a sap, and erect their batteries behind some weak stone walls; although it was obvious that a proper and vigorous exertion of the artillery would either have prevented, or at least greatly retarded their approaches and construction.

7thly, Suffering the enemy's barbet battery at the Russian hospital to stand undemolished for weeks together, although it might have been demolished by the heavy cannon and howitzers of the garrison.

8thly, Giving an order, dated Oct. 15, 1781, in words to the following effect: "No gun or any piece of ordnance hereafter to be fired in day-light without orders from the commanding officer of the artillery, who can upon the smallest notice communicate with the governor, who is ever watchful;" which order tended greatly to invite and facilitate the enemy's approach, and numerous opportunities of obstructing their movements were thereby lost.

9thly, Ordering several ships, and their contents (to a great amount) to be sunk; among others the Minorca, a new frigate, which might have escaped in safety with only thirty five hands, and the General Murray privateer with twenty hands; which vessels might have been usefully employed for the King's service.

Bad conduct during the siege.

1st, Giving out in publick orders, on the 8th day of January last (being the third day of the siege) "that the enemy's battering train was such as had never before been brought against any place of the first magnitude since the invention of gunpowder; and that the garrison might be assured that the defences of Fort St. Philip's had little or no dependence on its artillery;" which order tended to augment the terror of the enemy's attack, and to cool the zeal and ardour of the artillery men of the garrison; and from the date of which

which order the fire from the place became almost extinct in the day time, and the enemy redoubled their efforts.

2dly, Abandoning and blowing up all the places of arms, and communications of the inner covered way, the night after he had given out, in publick orders, that, in case of alarm, he should be found in the part of the inner covered way defended by the 51st regiment, and be the last man to retreat from it; the enemy at that time not being in any part within three hundred yards of the outer covered way, and no work having been taken, or even attempted.

3dly, Ordering the officers in the out-posts to invite the enemy into them, with a view, as he said, to blow them up with the works.

4thly, Surrendering the fortress and garrison, at a time when the enemy, in the nearest point of approach towards the covert way of the Queen's redoubt, was still at the distance of two hundred and fifty yards, and had opened no battery nearer than five hundred yards, when no work had been taken, or once assaulted, except by cannon and shells, and not one of the numerous mines had been sprung; when the mortars for throwing stones, and the soughasses were prepared; and when there was no breach in any work below the cordon, nor a possibility of it, unless the batteries of the enemy had been advanced nearer.

5thly, Desiring (with a view to magnify the sickness of his garrison, which it is admitted was sickly, and thereby to justify his surrender) that the respective commanding officers should march out their corps as weak as possible; and also with the like view of justification, suppressing, in his report to the secretary of state, the mention of the marine corps, which alone consisted of 430 men fit for duty, with 125 artillery-men, besides Greeks, Algerines, and Corsicans.

Bad conduct after the siege.

Suffering the Spanish general to turn him out of the fortress, before the articles of capitulation were signed, and not taking any hostages for the security of his garrison.

Shameful profusion and misapplication of the public money and stores.

1st, Expending nine hundred pounds in the purchase of some wool, to make about seven traverses on the top of the

castle, although with the common materials or cantoon stones, four or five pounds for each would have sufficed.

2dly, Misapplying the masons, artificers, and labourers, by causing them to work on the offices of Stanhope's Tower, for his own emolument.

3dly, Buying, or being concerned in several privateers, under the pretence of establishing packet-boats to go to Italy for letters, the crews of which privateers were chiefly taken from the service of the fort, and paid and victualled from the public money and stores, and the garrison's ammunition sent and expended on board the said privateers.

4thly, Unnecessarily purchasing the Hannah privateer, on the public account at the expence of between three and four thousand pounds.

5thly, Unnecessarily bringing a considerable charge on the public by making two colonels, four lieutenant-colonels, two majors, and a great number of other officers, who received the pay of their new appointments, although the four battalions in garrison were at low numbers, and all their field officers present (one excepted) besides several brevet majors.

Rapacity and extortion.

1st, Obliging the troops, and inhabitants to receive in payment a guinea as four and twenty shillings, at which rate the 50,000l. sent by government for contingencies, were issued, to the great discontent and detriment of the troops and inhabitants.

2dly, Exacting a large sum by an arbitrary imposition upon all auctions, to the great loss of the parties concerned in them; notwithstanding he agreed to take a fixed allowance from government in lieu of all perquisites.

Oppression and cruelty.

1st, Wantonly incensing the minds of the principal gentry of the island against his Majesty's government, by most violently disarming and disgracing them, because a deserter had not been discovered and given up.

2dly, Personally beating several of the Spanish prisoners, who were standing at the door of their prison breathing a purer air.

3dly, Imprisoning a man of good character, named Goya, for many weeks, without sufficient cause, and without bringing him to any trial or examination,

mination, under which confinement Goya destroyed himself.

T. TOWNSHEND.

The Court Martial sat on Tuesday the 12th of November. The prisoner and prosecutor both appeared in uniforms. General Sir George Howard, seeing a gentleman take notes, informed him that the court had no objection to his taking notes, provided no use were made of them during the trial; and that he should be at liberty to continue, on condition, that at the rising of the court, he should give his notes to the Judge Advocate, who would seal them up, and deliver them to him again the next day; the same precaution to be taken every day, till the close of the trial: Sir George observed, that the business before the court was of a very delicate nature; and that from the smallest error or inaccuracy in taking down the notes and publishing them, the honour of two very respectable officers might be injured: the gentleman availed himself of the indulgence of the court, and continued to take notes, which when the court rose, he handed over to Sir George Howard; they were immediately sealed up, and Sir Charles Gould took charge of them. Accounts of the examination of the witnesses were printed daily notwithstanding this caution till the

20th, when the following notification was sent to the printers.

"The general Court Martial now sitting upon the trial of Lieutenant-General MURRAY, having thought fit to order that the several witnesses produced on the trial, should be examined apart, and conceiving that publications in the daily papers of paragraphs, represented as the substance of the evidence given each day, tend to defeat the good intentions of such order, and to mislead the minds of the public: I have it in command from the court, to require and enjoin you from henceforth, to desist from any publications of the like sort, and at the same time to give you notice, that his Majesty's Attorney-General has directions to proceed criminally in his Majesty's court of King's Bench against every printer and publisher, who shall in future presume to print or publish any part of the evidence given upon the said trial, or any paragraph, purporting to be the substance of such evidence, or any animadversions thereon, until all the evidence given on both sides is closed and the trial ended.

Dated Horse-Guards, this 20th day of November 1782.

CHARLES GOULD,
JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL.

LETTERS BETWEEN LORD SHELBURNE AND THE REV. MR. C. WYVILL.

THE following letters passed some time ago between the Earl of Shelburne and the Rev. Mr. Wyvill. On the 17th of October, 1782, a manuscript copy of the second address, adopted on that day by the Yorkshire committee, was transmitted to Lord Shelburne, together with a letter of the same date by their chairman: a copy of which is here given, and also his lordship's answer of the 24th of October, 1782.

"MY LORD, *York, Oct. 17, 1782.*

"I take the liberty to inclose for your lordship's perusal, a manuscript copy of the second address to the Electors of Great Britain, agreed to by the committee of Association for the county of York, at a most numerous and respectable meeting held here this day.—It contains their just acknowledgments of your lordship's distinguished exertions in the general cause of parliamentary reformation; and

expresses their grateful sense of your generous endeavours to accomplish a coalition on the principles adopted by this association, and other respectable bodies in different parts of the kingdom.

"These, I beg leave to assure you, are the genuine sentiments of this committee; and not more warmly felt by any one member of it than by,

My lord, &c.

Earl of Shelburne. C. WYVILL.

SIR, *Bowood Park, 24 Oct. 1782.*

"I was yesterday honoured with your letter of the 17th instant.—The repeated approbation of the committee of the county of York gives me personally the greatest satisfaction; and I am happy to find nearly the same opinions, which I expressed to this county last year, more ably, as well as more fully, inculcated in the address you do me the honour to inclose

inclose to me. Their perseverance must command general respect, and will, I trust, finally conquer every difficulty in so sound a cause.—As to myself, I am still ready to enter into the strictest and most unequivocal union with any public man, or public body of men, who may be deemed, in point of national weight and opinion, competent to the effecting those important ends.

“Words cannot express how much I am alarmed at the public situation at home and abroad; or my apprehensions for what may be the result.

“The disinterested zeal, as well as temperate conduct, which you have shewn in the public service, has impressed me with a respect with which I must always remain, your's, &c.

SHELBURNE.”

The Rev. Mr. Wyvill, Chairman, &c.

On Tuesday, November 19, printed copies of letters to the Lord-Mayor, signed C. Wyvill, inclosing an account of the proceedings of the Yorkshire Committee of Association, at Burton-Hall, near Bedale, Nov. 1, 1782, were received by the general post from York by most

of the members of the common-council, who have hitherto disapproved of the proceedings of the Rev. Mr. Wyvill, and his Yorkshire confederates, and being displeased at paying the postage, returned his letter by last night's post, inclosed in one directed to the Rev. Mr. Wyvill, at the York tavern in the city of York; of which the following is a copy:

“Sir, I this day received the inclosed by the general post, for which I was charged eight-pence; as I have not any personal knowledge of you, or ever had any correspondence with you, I think you have taken an unbecoming liberty, in putting me to that expence.

“Your performance, in my opinion, is not worth eight-pence; and, as I esteem you and your seditious connexions as enemies to Old England, I desire no further correspondence with you. Should you find a remorse of conscience, and feel yourself inclined to return me my eight-pence (you having received back your printed paper) I will accept it.

“Your's as a loyal subject should be.

“*London Nov. 19, 1782.*”

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, FOR MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,

Designed by Robert Adam, Esq. architect, and executed in statuary marble by Mr. P. M. Van Gelder.

THIS monument is composed of a sarcophagus, elevated on a pedestal, upon the front of which is engraved the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of
MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,
Who, raised by his merit at an early period of his life to the rank of Adjutant General of the British forces in America, and, employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and Country on the 2d of

October, 1780,

aged 29,

Universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes.

His Gracious Sovereign King George III. has caused this Monument to be erected.

On the front of the sarcophagus, General Washington is represented in his tent, at the moment when he had received the report of the court-martial held on Major André; at the same time a flag of truce arrived from the British army, with a letter for General Washington, to treat for the Major's life. But the fatal sentence being already passed, the flag was sent back without the hoped for clemency in his favour.

Major André received his condemnation with that fortitude and resolution which had always marked his character, and is represented going with unshaken spirit to meet his doom.

On the top of the sarcophagus, a figure of Britannia reclined, laments the premature fate of so gallant an officer. The British Lion too, seems instinctively to mourn his untimely death.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW CENOTAPH, ERECTED IN GUILDHALL, TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM.

ELEVATED on a base, fixed on a rock, the Earl of Chatham, in the habit of a Roman senator, appears gracefully looking on a figure representing the City of London; his left hand sustains the helm of government, whilst his right embraces commerce, who, charged with her proper attributes, is most delightfully smiling on her kind protector, through whose zeal, assisted by the four quarters of the world, she is pouring plenty into the lap of Britannia.

The City, in her mural crown, with a look of gratitude, is addressing her noble friend, pointing the while to Commerce; at her feet are placed the emblems of industry, and on her right hand those of Justice and Power. Upon the plinth is engraved the following inscription:

"In grateful acknowledgement to the Supreme Disposer of events, who, intending to advance this nation for such time as to his wisdom seemed good, to an high pitch of prosperity and glory, by unanimity at home—by confidence and reputation abroad—by alliance wisely chosen and faithfully observed—by colonies united and protected—by decisive victories by sea and land—by conquests made by arms and generosity in every part of the globe—and by commerce, for the first time united with, and made to flourish by

war—was pleased to raise up, as a proper instrument in this memorable work,

WILLIAM PITT.

"The Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-council, mindful of the benefits which the city of London received in her ample share in the general prosperity, have erected, to the memory of this eminent statesman and powerful orator, this monument in her Guildhall; that her citizens may never meet for the transaction of their affairs, without being reminded, that the means by which Providence raises a nation to greatness, are the virtues infused into great men; and that to withhold from these virtues, either of the living or dead, the tribute of esteem and veneration, is to deny to themselves the means of happiness and honour.

"This distinguished person, for the service rendered to King George II. and to King George III. was created
EARL OF CHATHAM.

"The British nation honoured his memory with a publick funeral, and a publick monument, amongst her illustrious men in Westminster-Abbey."

Under this is an oval medallion, charged with the cap of liberty, inscribed upon the turn up *Libertas*, richly adorned with laurels, festoons, &c. The back of the whole is a slab of most beautiful variegated marble.

SCOTCH MILITIA.

Edinburgh, October 24, 1782.

AT a general Michaelmas meeting of the justices of the peace and freeholders of the county of Perth, the meeting having taken into their most serious consideration, the bill which was presented to parliament, last session by the Marquis of Graham, "For the better ordering the militia forces in Scotland," and also the sketch of a bill for better ordering the fencible men in Scotland, framed by the noblemen and gentlemen who met lately at Edinburgh, and transmitted to the several counties in Scotland, for their consideration: Res

solved, that it is the opinion of this meeting,

I. That it is highly expedient and requisite, that this part of the united kingdoms should at all times be provided with a proper and constitutional force for its internal defence against foreign enemies, and for the support of the crown, and the rights and liberties of the people: and that a certain portion of the militia or fencible men thereof, should be annually trained to the use of arms, for these great national purposes; it being the boast and birth-right of freemen to be able to defend themselves and their

their country, and the degrading badge of slavery, to be denied that most useful as well as honourable of all privileges.

That at this time we are more particularly called upon to attend to this important object, when, surrounded by foes, we are in imminent danger of being attacked and insulted, and the honour and safety of the empire at stake; and when we have reason to flatter ourselves, that our wishes and endeavours to promote the security and welfare of the state will meet with encouragement and support from the wisdom and generosity of those who have already declared, in the acts of abolishing the militia in England, "That a well ordered and well disciplined militia is essentially necessary to the safety, peace, and prosperity of the kingdom," and we can never suppose that *an odious and ill-timed distinction will be made between any of his Majesty's loyal subjects in this island, contrary to every principle of justice and sound policy.*

II. That the meeting do not entirely approve of either of the above modes of forming an internal force, now laid before us for our consideration: the first having copied too closely after the acts for establishing the militia in England, and not being perfectly suited to the circumstances of this country; and the other having gone rather farther than was necessary in several particulars. But,

III. The meeting are very clearly of opinion, that a plan more restricted, less expensive and burthensome to the country, yet sufficient for training the people, by ballot and rotation, to the exercise of arms, may easily be devised and put in practice, by the concurrent, steady, and animated public spirit of the noblemen and gentlemen in the several

counties. And for that end, that it would be most proper and necessary that committees should be named by the different shires to meet together at Edinburgh, in November next, in order to concert together the best mode of carrying this great and interesting national object into execution, and for framing a new bill to be presented to parliament early in the next session: and the meeting appoint his Grace the Duke of Athol, the Right Hon. Lord Gray, Sir John Wedderburn of Ballandean, Sir John Ramsay of Banff, General Graham of Gorthie, Mr. Haldane, of Gleneagles, Mr. Mercer of Aldie, Mr. Farquharson of Innercauld, Mr. Nairn of Dunfinan, Mr. Syth of Methven, and Mr. Macdonald of St. Martin, or any three of them, with full powers for that purpose, and authorise them to draw on the collector of the county (in whose hands money is now lodged) for such sum as may be fixed as the proportion of this county, for defraying the expence thereof; and the meeting are of opinion, that so soon as the committees of the different counties have agreed on what, at this alarming period, is the most constitutional and proper method of defending this country, a meeting of this county should be called by their committee to take the same into their further consideration.

IV. The meeting unanimously and heartily agree to return their best thanks to the Marquis of Graham, and to the other members of parliament, who with so much spirit and ability supported last session the bill then presented; and also to the noblemen and gentlemen who met lately at Edinburgh, and with so much zeal and propriety attended to the honour and interest of their country.

TRIALS BEFORE THE HIGH COURT OF ADMIRALTY.

Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1782.

SIR JAMES MARRIOTT, assisted by Lord Chief Baron Skinner, sat at the Old-Bailey for the trial of prisoners, indicted for the commission of crimes cognizable by the Admiralty of England.

Three prisoners only were brought to the bar, but the grand having ignored the bill preferred against one of them, there were no more than two brought to take trial,

Joseph Evans was indicted for having acted under the authority of a French commission, as an enemy of the King his Lord, he having been born his subject. The vessel on board of which he was found, was the *Escamouteur* privateer, taken by his Majesty's ship the *Fly*, Capt. Kelly. Captain Kelly produced the commission which had been brought to him by one of his men from the privateer; but Mr. Rose, counsel for the prisoner, objected to its being

being read, because the person who had brought it to Capt. Kelly, not being in court, there was of course no evidence that the commission had actually been on board the *Escamouteur*, Capt. Kelly's testimony going no farther than that it had been delivered to him on board the *Fly*, by a man who said he brought it from the privateer. Mr. Rose having proved that the prisoner had at first passed for an Italian, and had been mustered as a prisoner of war, asked Capt. Kelly how he came afterwards to suspect that he was an Englishman? Mr. Kelly answered, by gravely asking how it was possible that an Englishman could be mistaken for an Italian? The prisoner had been mustered as a prisoner of war before the Captain saw him.

The next thing proved was, that the prisoner was a native of Norfolk. The witnesses called to this fact were positive in the affirmative; but Mr. Rose attempted to set their evidence aside, by arguing, that in law the second best evidence was not to be admitted, while there was a possibility of producing the very best; in the present case the rule was perfectly applicable; for the supposed parents of the man were alive in Norfolk, and might have been produced, if the agents for the prosecution had thought proper to call upon them. The omission on this point might have been from delicacy and humanity, but it was fair for him to avail himself of the legal plea which the omission afforded him. The objection, however, was over-ruled.

When the Lord Chief Baron was summing up, he observed, that as the commission produced in court had not been proved to have been the commission under which the *Escamouteur* had acted, the counts founded on the idea of such a commission must of course fall to the ground. But there was still another count, which, if proved, would affect the prisoner's life as much as the others; and that count was, that he had adhered to, and comforted the King's enemies in acts of hostility against his subjects. In support of this count it had been proved, that when Capt. Kelly took the *Escamouteur*, she had two English vessels in company, which she had made prizes: it was proved also, that the prisoner had been on board: it remained with the jury to

determine, whether he was there of his own free will, or compelled to act against his King and country. The prisoner was, after a very short consultation, found *Guilty*.

John Bannister was the other prisoner. He was indicted for having been on board a Dutch privateer, and to have assisted in capturing the *Sally* belonging to Hull. The master of the *Sally* appeared, and proved the taking of his ship; that he saw the prisoner on board the Dutchman, that he knew him very well, and that he saw him take a watch from the master of the *Jane*, which had been captured the day after the *Sally* was taken. The prisoner acknowledged that he had taken the watch, but insisted that it was in order to preserve it for the right owner, from whom it would have been soon taken by the rest of the crew; and that he assigned this reason to the owner at the time; but the witness said that no such reason had been at all assigned at the time.

The proofs brought to prove the prisoner a native of Yorkshire were unnecessary, as he himself admitted the fact; and pleaded, in answer to the charge, that having been taken on board an English privateer, and carried into Dunkirk, he had escaped to Flushing, where he must have starved, if he had not gone on board a Dutch privateer: but that he never forgot his country, to which he had it always firmly in his mind to deliver up the enemy's ship, if ever it should be in his power: that, having this intention, he at last had found an opportunity to carry it into execution; and that having entered the Humber, he, in concert with another Englishman, had contrived to get the Dutchmen, fourteen in number, under the hatches, and running the vessel on shore, he had immediately surrendered himself and the ship to the regulating Captain at Hull. This officer was in court, and confirmed all this story, as far as it related to the running of the ship on shore, and surrender; as did also two other officers, one of whom proved, that when the privateer ran on shore, none were on deck but the prisoner and another Englishman, the Dutchmen being then all below. However, two of the officers gave it as their opinion, that the running on shore, and the consequent surrender, were matters

matters not of choice, but of necessity, as from the wind and weather; the vessel could not get out to sea; another proved that there was scarcely beef enough for two days: and only a small quantity of flour and damaged bread. Upon the whole of the evidence, the jury found the prisoner *Guilty*, but recommended him to mercy.

Sir James Marriott then passed sentence of death upon the two unhappy men; and observed, that though perhaps his Majesty might, in his gracious

pleasure, extend his royal mercy to them, still he would not advise them to entertain hopes, lest it might be necessary to make examples, to check, if possible, the commission of a crime, which seemed to be the characteristic of Englishmen of the present age—the *renunciation of the allegiance due to their Sovereign*.

This concluded the business of the court, which was adjourned, at a quarter after three o'clock, to the month of March next.

LETTERS FROM LORD GEORGE GORDON TO THE EARL OF SHELBURNE.

WE are happy to find that the serious alarm which the dreadful riots in 1780 gave this young nobleman has not totally suppressed his attention to publick men and measures. The present is a crisis which ought to put every man of ability and virtue in motion. The empire is now in circumstances which require the assistance of all her subjects. His lordship however cannot be too cautious how he deals with those ignorant and deluded people who authorise his publications. This especially, circumstanced as he is, is certainly one of the many cases in which *to be too busy there is some danger*. The very great impression, however, which this extraordinary genius has made on the publick, his high rank and singular shrewdness of remark, and the access he still finds to the first characters in the kingdom, renders all his productions entitled to some share of the general attention.

Copy of a Note from Lord George Gordon to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shelburne.

“LORD George Gordon presents his compliments to the Earl of Shelburne, and begs his lordship will do him the favour to inform him whether his Majesty’s present cabinet approve of the declaration made in the letter, said to be written by Sir Guy Carleton and Admiral Digby to General Washington—‘That his Majesty, in order to remove all obstacles to that peace which he so ardently wishes to restore, has commanded his ministers to direct Mr. Grenville, that the independency of the Thirteen Provinces should be proposed by him, in the first instance,

instead of making it a condition of a general treaty?’

“Lord George would not have asked this question to satisfy any private curiosity; but he thinks it his duty to the King, to acquaint Lord Shelburne, as prime minister, that great bodies of the people in the united kingdom of Scotland, are daily pressing Lord George, in the strongest terms, and in the most affectionate expressions, to write his sentiments to them on the present state of publick affairs in the united kingdoms; and Lord George finds, among other serious matters, that the late letter, said to be written by his Majesty’s commissioners at New-York, not being publickly authenticated in the London Gazette, alarms the suspicions of those who ardently wish for peace with their brethren, that that letter is a forgery, and that peace with America is not intended:—and on the other hand, not being contradicted by the King’s present servants, it causes the greatest anguish and disgust to those who have conscientiously approved and supported the American war.

“The people of Scotland are much distracted and disturbed with this apparent misunderstanding in the cabinet of the united kingdoms, thinking the honour of the united kingdoms is trifled with; and they are anxious in the highest degree to receive some information that they may depend upon in so affecting a concern as the independency of America is to their own national, particular, and immediate interest: Lord George, therefore, hopes Lord Shelburne will condescend to inform him whether the proposal of independency,

in

in the letter said to be written by the King's commissioners, is, or is not, a measure to be adhered to by his Majesty's present administration?

"Lord George has the honour to assure Lord Shelburne, that he wishes he could understand and approve of the measures of the King's counsellors, that he, and those who act with him, might have an opportunity of demonstrating the uprightness, and loyalty of their proceedings and intentions, and of exerting themselves, according to their vocations, to the uttermost of their power, in support of good government, the true interest of the people, the honour and happiness of the King's Majesty and his posterity, and the true public liberty, safety, and peace of the three kingdoms of Scotland, England, and Ireland."

Welbeck street, Oct. 15, 1781.

On the King's Speech; the Affairs of Ireland; Lord Mansfield; Lord Loughborough; the King's Teamen at Boston; United Rebel States; Quebec Bill; Popery Bill; his Conferences with the King and with Laurent, President of the Rebel Congress; his Presbyterian Book; Popery and Prelacy; Duke of Richmond, Lord Stormont, and Mr. Pitt.

I Have no pleasure in writing to you; but the dark and dangerous situation of the present politics of these kingdoms makes it necessary that your lordship should be dealt with roundly, freely, and concisely, by noblemen of ancient families, who are independent in their circumstances, and not connected with the present court, and who have no other public object at heart than that of exerting themselves according to their vocations, to the uttermost of their power, in support of good government, the true interests of the people, the honour and happiness of the King's Majesty and his posterity, and the true public liberty, safety, and peace of the three kingdoms of Scotland, England, and Ireland.

With respect to certain parts of an uncommon long speech (which speech, to follow parliamentary decorum and example in stating our objections to it, we are to suppose to be the speech of him who wrote it, and not the speech of him who read it) I most heartily concur with

Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke in all the excess of ridicule they have treated them with, in orderly language approved of by the Speaker. But not being galled and fettered by the inconsistencies of the conduct of the Rockingham and Shelburne parties, when they were taken into office and power, I beg leave to go a little further, my lord, and say a word on other parts of that amazing length of speech, which your lordship saw it did not suit the orators to touch on.

Now, for example: Your lordship may recollect that the speech of the gentleman who wrote it, touches certain lords and gentlemen upon a sore place—the liberal principles they adopted concerning Ireland—as doing them the highest honour—increasing harmony—&c. And when your lordship comes to look in the Irish news, to mark how these fine words tally with the truth, you will find on the 26th of November (the very day parliament was to have been opened with a speech from the throne) the following intelligence from Dublin:

"Notwithstanding the repeal of the 6th of George I. notwithstanding Mr. Grattan's act to take away the writs of error from the King's Bench here to the King's Bench in England, Lord Mansfield, in the case of Holland against Barry, has had the presumption to entertain a writ of error, and to decide upon it."

I have never had the honour of any personal acquaintance with the Earl of Mansfield, and yet I don't like to see the Lord Chief Justice of the Commonwealth of these kingdoms representing the King on his bench of justice, charged with presumption for the execution of his office, according to the laws of the land. My lord, it is not many months ago, since they burnt Lord Loughborough in effigy in Ireland, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, for his speech in the House of Peers, which speech, to my mind, was one of the most constitutional charges his lordship ever delivered.—Is this your harmony, my lord? Are these benefits to be increased upon us under your administration? Are these the highest honours of the liberal principles? My lord, these are ugly symptoms of harmony. They are like the high honours conferred on the King's teamen at Boston. They look like anarchy and confusion, and the utter subversion of good government, the true interests of the people,

people, the honour and happiness of the King's Majesty and his posterity, and the true public liberty, safety, and peace of the three kingdoms of Scotland, England, and Ireland.

I now come to the main subject of this letter.

I was pretty close to the King when his Majesty read his most gracious speech to both Houses of Parliament; and I observed with some satisfaction, a laudable expression in the last part of the fourth paragraph relative to the United States of America, in which his Majesty solemnly made this declaration:—"Religion—language—interest—affections, may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries: to this end neither attention nor disposition shall be wanting on my part."

I solemnly make the same declaration; and to the end of shewing that neither attention nor disposition shall be wanting on my part to countenance the crown when I can do it with honour to myself, or to promote a right bond of permanent union between the two countries as soon as possible, I now publicly call on you, Earl of Shelburne, and the rest of the King's cabinet, to second his Majesty's hopes and disposition, on this head, immediately in parliament, to prove that you and they are not deficient in your duty, to demonstrate to Protestants the sincerity of his Majesty in that gracious declaration to his parliament. This will shew your temper, your wisdom, your disinterestedness, collectively and individually.——The people expect these qualifications of you; and we shall soon know whether it is the fixed object of your heart to make the general good and the true spirit of the constitution the invariable rule of your conduct. All this may be done in a few days, my lord; and the characters of his Majesty's present cabinet may have the advantage of becoming very clear and conspicuous in the home department, and Europe, and America before their wisdom, prudence, and foresight are turned out to graze in the large field of India, and to attempt the regulation and government of vast territories in a fresh quarter of the world.

My lord, if you are sincere in putting the good promises of the King's speech into practice, call a cabinet directly—to day—and make it a measure, that the

Chancellor of the Exchequer do move for the repeal of the Quebec bill. And make it another measure, that Mr. Secretary Townshend do move for the repeal of the Popery bill for England, as being both necessary heads of proof of sincerity in supporting his Majesty's gracious disposition.

If any of the cabinet argue against the repeal of the Quebec bill, call for declaration of Independence. Read the article to them concerning the Quebec bill. Your lordship after these words, *the history of the present King of Great-Britain, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States.* (To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world) will find that Congress have conscience to enumerate no less than twenty-nine reasons for independence. The Quebec bill is one of them. In these words: *For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies.* This reason will support your motion strongly: and Baron Ashburton will second you on this first head of proof of the religious attention and disposition of the cabinet; for Mr. Dunning, you know, was ever ready to speak, and to vote too, for the repeal of the Quebec bill, year after year, before he was made a lord.

If any of them argue against the repeal of the Popery bill for England, tell them that I say Mr. Secretary Townshend is the man who first led me to the secret that the Popery bill for England was in consequence of the private correspondence with the head of the Popish clergy in Scotland, through one of the Scots judges, for the purpose of arming the Papists against colonies, and not from any mild, benevolent views of parliament, as was set forth by the orators, and in the second edition of the Popish memorial, to screen the real design from the English. Tell them, too, that I had several conferences with the King about that bill, and that his Majesty seemed very condescending and gracious towards me, and told me that he had taken no part in it, parliament did it, and that he had not been privy to any transaction of the nature I mentioned to him,

and asked the name of the Scots judge. Much more of a most serious nature passed between us. But from a delicacy and pity for other peoples characters, and not from any fear of my own, I hope I shall see no occasion to publish the accounts of these dark transactions. Indeed, if it should so happen that I die before the persons concerned, in that case it will be necessary, in justice to my family, my honour, my loyalty, and my memory, that all the bloodshed, misfortunes, and calamities attending those bills should be saddled on the right shoulders.—Matters of account can never be made too public. Tell them, also, my lord, that my friend, Mr. President Laurens, and I (after his innocence was discovered, and he was released from the Tower) had several cordial conversations together, at my house, on public affairs and persons throughout Europe, as well as in America; and I found that Congress had a very clear guess and idea of the origin and intent of this bill, before even his excellency was dispatched as ambassador to their High Mightinesses the States General of the United Netherlands; though they could not be minutely acquainted with the private transactions preceding it. You may assure the cabinet, that this bill would have been enumerated as a thirtieth reason for independence, if that unfortunate event for these kingdoms had not taken place years before that bill was passed. And tell them lastly, that religion, language, interest, and affections call for the repeal of both these acts.

If these reasons do not prevail with St. James's cabinet, read them the large volume of home expressions in the honest declarations and resolutions of the church and people of Scotland against that act being attempted in any shape whatsoever in their kingdom. Your lordship knows his Majesty was once graciously pleased to refuse this valuable book from my hands, but I'll send it to him yet, if attention and disposition are not wanting to receive it properly.

After your lordship has taken all these pains with the cabinet, to obtain a repeal of those obnoxious acts, by way of renewing some bond of affection and confidence between the two countries, you will have done your duty by shewing that neither attention nor disposition

was wanting, on your part, to put into practice the best and clearest part of any of the promissory paragraphs in his Majesty's most gracious speech.

Now, my lord, let us consider a little what effect the laudable expression in the last part of the fourth paragraph will have in the United States of America provided nothing efficient is done immediately by parliament to the same end on their parts? Why, my lord, Congress won't read a syllable of all that fine long speech (except for curiosity) any more than if it was the speech of the Mahrattas. And indeed, when one examines how matters stand at present, there is but little to be said to a right Presbyterian American upon the score of religion—and affections. If you talk to him upon the danger his religion and liberties are in from his alliance with France where Popery is the established government, he allows all you can advance on that head directly, sees the danger more clearly than you do in several points of view, and tells you that he guards against any evil consequences from that alliance to the uttermost of his power, in the right old covenant phraseology; and he will tell you, at the same time, that he has a confidence in the King of France, but is continually watching over him (as the Duke of Richmond and your colleagues are pleased to say of your lordship;) and that he takes all the advantages of his great and good ally's present protection and affections to secure his own religion, interests, and independence. But when one presumes to talk to him of the King of England, he tells you freely and roundly that Popery and Prelacy, two sister grievances to presbyterians, are both countenanced by law and government in England, under our gracious sovereign; and as for your affections, he laughs at you, and then throws the Quebec bill and the English Popery bill in your face.

And what will the people of Scotland and England say of your lordship, if nothing is practised by the cabinet to promote a religious confidence on government, after what was read by his Majesty on the throne? My lord, the Scots and English know better than to speak ill of the crown: that would be to affront themselves, and their own doings. But in a month's time they won't believe it was the King's most gracious speech, if the solemn paragraph is not fulfilled.

filled. They will surely observe order, and parliamentary decorum, like Lord Stormont, calling it the speech of the minister, and declaring they don't believe a word in it.

I have endeavoured, as to seriousness and plainness in these few remarks on his Majesty's pious profession, to adapt them to the taste and capacity of Mr. Pitt; as his abilities, and inexperience, and pompous inflated style of speaking are no way competent to attach any impression on Mr. Burke's observations. Religion is maiden ground for the juvenile character to tread on; a fair field to display his gravity to advantage. His

virgin essay on that sacred theme will be eagerly sought after by all parties. But, for all that, he cannot be too explicit, in these enlightened times, in declaring himself at once for the true protestant interest, unless such language has become unparliamentary and inelegant when foreign negotiations and treaties are on the carpet. I am, &c.

G. GORDON.

Welbeck street, Dec. 10, 1782.

P. S. I shall, as a professional man, address your lordship, or Viscount Keppel, in a few days, on the affair faintly alluded to by the Earl of Sandwich and Commodore Johnstone.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

A Key to the Modern System of moral and political Empiricism; or, a new Catechism à-la-mode, for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel, and all sober families in the Beau Monde.

(Continued from our Magazine for November, p. 508.)

Q. YOU said your political and modish spongers did vouch for you, that, like a true Tory man of the world, or fine gentleman, you should keep and improve all the modes, precepts, and punctilios most in vogue. Tell me how many there be.

A. Ten.

Q. Which be they.

A. The same which prevail in court and camp, and church and state, senate and synagogue, in the bench of bishops and 'Change-Alley, the Tabernacle and Carlisle-house, among broad bottoms and round heads, macaronies and Methodists, quacks and Quakers.

I.

Thou shalt have none other gods than Cupid, or Venus, or Momus, or Mercury, or Bacchus, or such of their old and obsolete godships as may improve thy suppleness, subtilty, pliability, or insignificance.

II.

Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven, or carved, or sculptured, or molten, or painted images. But ladies who own no prescriptions, save those of the fashion, to make their faces of a piece with their heads, which by figure, wool, animalcula, paste, and pearl, resemble the lively and semi-circular posteriors of a peacock; and their enormous bouncing bottoms which render one end quite as unnatural and shock-

LOND. MAG. App. 1782.

ing as another may innocently enough daub and defile as much as they please. Then, to encourage arts and sciences, and gratify the pride of peerage, and foster publick curiosity, the native ornaments of Temple-bar may adorn the windows of a picture-shop; and, as comick are often but a prelude to tragical scenes, the people who pay so handsomely for their rattles have a right to enjoy them. Neither must the pencil of the satirist be inhibited. Caricatura is the daughter of nobility, the plaything of royalty, the idol of the witty, and the scourge of the gay. She can make the whole motley and grotesque congregation of sharks, sharpers, praters, and parasites, who nestle and propagate about court, contribute to the good-humour of every street and thoroughfare in town, dignify the head of a goose with a diadem, an ass with preferment, a pug with a star, a spaniel with a ribbon, and a magpie with a garter; divide the delicate attention of a prince between a courtesan and a bottle, or wenching and swilling; make a jockey of a duke, a Merry-Andrew of an earl, a pimp of a bishop, an eave-dropper of a judge, an Atlas of a minister more visibly secumbing under the weight of honours and emoluments than that of the state, and the favourite Vestris in company with a character much too popular and illustrious for

4 K

Tories

Tories ever to forgive the scorn and sport of an old cornuted and disappointed viscount. But thou shalt not bow down to Whigs or whiggish principles, nor worship aught in earth or heaven save the minister and thy mistress, who are so extremely jealous of their interest and influence as to resent the least approaches to apostacy with the sternest implacability; but ever affect the most perfect regard for all who love them and keep their commandments.

III.

Thou shalt not take the name of thy patrons or party in vain, so as to subject them or their conduct to any unnecessary imputation, or bring them into any scrape that can be fairly or unfairly laid to the charge of the patriots, since ministerial offensibility is now almost as crazy as their credit. But there is another name with which every fashionable tongue is tipt, without which thy conversation were as blunt and vulgar as a hat without a cockade, as a thigh without a sword, the phiz of a coxcomb without a simper, or the hips of a beauty without a hoop. And then it is not taking it in vain when it gives energy to voice, and dignity to language, frights a slave into obedience, or a wench into love, procures a place, saves a Tory, or hangs a Whig.

IV.

Remember that thou keep sacred the sabbath-day, especially from walking or drinking tea or coffee in the Promenade, or talking about popery or politics in groupes or clubs. Get drunk as often as you like, speak as much scandal and blasphemy as you please, drink any thing, do any thing, go any where but in sixpenny theatres and Carlisle-house. For these are consecrated not by one bishop or all bishops, but over and above by the whole legislature. Kensington Gardens, St. James's Park, Brookes's, Bagnigge-Wells, and all the swindling cabals and pleasureable booths in the vicinity of the palace, with every other field of rendezvous where Venus musters her genial bands, shalt thou frequent, in which to do, and welcome, *all thou hast to do*. But promenades in Soho, and disputing clubs any where, are as solemnly interdicted as ever the tree of life in the garden of Eden was. In

none of these places, now that churches, chapels, and conventicles are deemed competent for all the business of Sunday evenings, shalt thou be seen or heard, or felt. But keep thyself up for other scenes of intrigue, thou, thy son, or wife, or daughter, or maid, where the sexes ever have and ever will meet as nature meant and our circumstances require they should. Whereas in such places publick measures only are exposed and traduced, ministers blasphemed and impeached, sentiments of freedom roused and circulated, the liberal and manly genius of Protestantism cherished and caressed, the dark, intriguing, and jesuitical impositions of popery pursued through all their obliquities, and exhibited in their blackest deformity, despotism often brought up to excite the honest execrations of Englishmen, the latent fervour of patriotism touched and blown into a flame, and even Tories themselves sometimes seized and animated with the genial contagion, just as two of the coldest things, steel and flint, when dashed together send forth fire.

V.

Honour, by all means, the authors and promoters of thy political being, which is the only infallible method of securing a permanency in post and pension, or succeeding to the most lucrative appointments in the state, which from the highest to the lowest are all in the market, and all to be purchased at the trifling expence of conscience, principle, and virtue.

VI.

Thou shalt not kill, unless it should become necessary to dispatch a Burke or a Fox, to whose pointed invectives cold steel or a hot bullet is the only decisive reply that can be given. Or, should it be deemed expedient to blast the reputation of an admiral or a general, P—r and G—y are the men, who, under the insidious masque of friendship, shall bravely *delve below their mines and blow them at the moon*.

VII.

Thou shalt not commit adultery, but cuckold by all means where the husband is jealous or not jealous, and the wife handsome and tempting. Thy interest may also require the full support of her's, which justifies the most amorous means of obtaining it. And it was the common saying of one, to whom

whom the recantation of our system proved mortal, that *the whole circle of gallantry afforded nothing so charming as invading the hallowed couch of an ordinary, debauching a Duchess, or corrupting a Duke**.

VIII.

Thou shalt not steal so as to be indicted for felony, but still mayest have as much for as little as possible. If this be theft, the church is as crammed with thieves as ever Newgate was. Nor are those in chains half so sly or troublesome, or expensive, in making their depredations, as those in canonicals, though much more easily hung. How many a dunce fattens and frolicks among all the gayest circles, keeps his hounds and his whores, guzzles and gasconades with city prodigals and country squires, while some unfortunate devil of superior parts is doomed to do the whole duty from which all these luxuries and superfluities originate, for such a miserable pittance as often involves himself and family in the greatest penury and filthiness. And those in the state who have the largest salaries are not always most employed. Drones are ever most swoln in famished hives. The friends of almost every premier, and independent of all incidental emoluments; take annually out of the Treasury many thousand pounds for their own private use. Make a like estimation of all his coadjutors and their several dependants, and it will be no difficult matter to account for the revenue. And what value has the publick received for her prodigality to these pampered minions? Do they not literally impoverish and reduce her, in proportion as she feeds and makes them. It is just so from the chief Jack Ketch down to the meanest of his deputies at every petty gallows in the kingdom. Such are the invidious and partial distributions of society, that those of her members, like the feet in the human frame, who labour most are uniformly least pampered and caressed.

IX.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour, except when government has a point to carry. Then, you know, one would rather be guilty of perjury than treason. That which were criminal *gratis*, becomes innocent and laudable by the prospect of a cer-

tain reward. And in these enlightened times we have other conceptions of the Deity than to suppose he would scruple his name where the momentary use of it so infallibly makes a man's fortune.

X.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, but mayest covet his fortune, or stake thy own to trick him out of his, go abroad with the generous intention of invading the rights, and destroying, with magnanimous capacity, the very livelihood of the helpless and innocent, keep an open hand and inviting eye to every form of corruption, or make thy ravages in every extremity of the earth, deluge thy country with a plenitude of all the luxuries and vices in the world. Thou mayest mimic French finery, gaiety, stultiloquy, apishness, and complaisance, Italian effeminacy and brutality, Spanish stateliness and affectation, and every form of Eastern lewdness and debauchery. Thou must even struggle for the lives and properties of the poor yankies, to extend and strengthen prerogative, apologize for Tory temerity, and glut Caledonian revenge; contend for the dominion of the seas, that our piratical depredations may be indulged with impunity, and snatch at every kingdom or island we can possibly subdue, that thus, overwhelmed in wealth and wantonness,

At every draught more large and large may grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe,
Till sap'd her strength and ev'ry part unsound,
Down, down she sinks and spreads a ruin round,

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, but there is no law against seducing and rendering her a victim to the savage ferocity of an injured husband, thy own villainy, and public infamy; and what man of fashion does not prefer the authority of a Chesterfield, and the example of the whole upper world, to the paltry injunctions or suggestions of humanity, decency, or reason?—Nor his maid servant as the market is still overstocked with gallican abigails, who supplant the natives, push them out for embellishing the streets of the metropolis, and act themselves in the double capacity of whores to their masters, and pimps to their mistresses.—Nor his man servant, as groupes of lackeys are still necessary to swell the equipage of a

great man, to give a distorted likeness below, of all the nonsense they witness above, to excite and keep alive, the lewdness of his wife and daughters, to give an unnatural and nameless turn to the gallantry of his sons, dangle at the heels of every demirep, loll on the back of every carriage, and crowd the door of every house of fashion, and remain a standing burlesque or insult on the claimant exigencies of our fleets and armies—*Nor his ox*, as every one may have horns enough of his own—*Nor his Ass*, as this, for the length of its ears, its patience, hardness, and drudgery, has long passed for a Tory, though there can be no great harm in making these dogs of patriots as much beasts of burden as possible—*nor any thing*, except whatever makes him in love with life, *that is his*.

Q. What dost thou chiefly learn by these precepts?

A. I learn two things—impiety to my maker, and villainy to my neighbour; to dishonour and blaspheme the one, to injure and abuse the other.

Q. What is thy duty to God?

A. To deny that there is any, or live as if I were certain there is none, to acknowledge no maker but my parents, nor love nor fear any other divinity than nature, and to despise with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength, and with all my mind, the object of vulgar adoration and worship. Neither to honour him in public or private, nor give him thanks, nor put any trust in him, nor call upon him, nor revere his name, or his word, nor serve him truly in one action, one department, or one moment all the days of my life.

Q. What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?

A. Not to love him as myself, nor to do to all men as I would they should do unto me, nor to love, honour, and succour either father or mother, but where the law of the land or that of my own interest obliges me. By all means, at all hazards, and on all occasions to honour and obey the King, whoever he is, whatever he does or commands to be done, and all the great and little rascals that are put in authority under him. To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters, unless any of them happens to be a curate, who without a fortune has the impudence to be a man of principle.

In this case, the parts of an angel, and the sanctity of his master, would not procure him the countenance of the great, nor the respect of the vulgar. And can he merit any deference from me, who has none from any one else, or why should qualities which expose him to the ridicule and contempt of the world, recommend him to my esteem. Nor to order myself lowly and reverently to all who may think themselves my betters, but every where to stick myself up in defiance of truth, and modesty, and diffidence. For nothing keeps a man so much down as a foolish attachment to the infamous unpolished virtues of simplicity and delicacy. Many a genius has lived unknown, or died a beggar, or starved at the gate of his proud patron, who with coltish brains, a brazen front, or an hectoring manner, might have shone at the top of his profession. Nor to *hurt any body by word or deed*, who stand not in the way of my profit, or pleasure, or preferment; and then I should be a fool in good earnest to be either *true or just* in any of my *dealings*. To bear no malice or hatred in my heart, but to patriots and prigs of principle, whom it is my duty to regard with aversion, in proportion as their sincerity is unquestionable. To accustom *my hands to picking and stealing, and my tongue*, for the benefit of the party and myself, *in evil speaking, lying and slandering*. To keep my body in the habitual violation of *temperance, and soberness, and chastity*. To covet and desire, with the avidity of the grave, all *other men's goods*. But to learn and labour truly by every possible expedient, save honest industry, *to get mine own living in that lazy, lucrative, and splendid state of life, unto which it shall please, the influence of friends, the ignorance of ministers, my own importunity, incapacity, or immorality to raise me*.

My good child, know this, that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in all the footsteps of thy superiors, nor to serve them effectually without their special favour and assistance, which thou must learn at all times to put them in mind of, by haunting their levees, bribing their slaves, sitting like a dumb shew at the foot of their tables, becoming the butt of their visitors, and the scorn of their slaves, admiring and applauding the sickening ebullitions of driveling insignificance, and profligate

age, and doing the office of a common sewer in tumbling in upon them all the filthyness thou canst any how sweep together, through the whole windings of a very long subterraneous and obscene course. The Prince of modern quackery for gulling the doating and diseased, amidst a vast profusion of sublime nonsense, imposes on his crazy patients a most elaborate and solemn form of devotion, which can only be surpassed by the evening, morning, and mid-day asperations of a Tory, man of the world, or a fine gentleman. Let me hear if thou canst say this fashionable prayer—

Almighty Fortune, whose throne is established in caprice, who dost superintend the destiny of mortals, buoys up dulness, and hangs like a millstone about the neck of genius, we yield thee all possible homage, and incessantly perfume thy presence and shrine with the grateful incense of adulation, which meets the nostrils of all thy favourites and votaries with a sweet smelling savour. Knaves of a gang are constantly stroking down each other, and mutually exchanging and swallowing the largest doses of flattery. In this manner do we pray, without ceasing, to thee and thine. May our honours thicken, and emoluments accumulate, under thy indulgent auspices. Pamper our appetites with every luxury, and inflame our passions with every desirable object. Make every sight we see, and every sound we hear, administer to our wants and wishes. Render us the dupes of every gaudy and deceitful appearance. Pervert our wills by the sophistry of sense, smite our affections with blasted beauty, dazzle our minds with the phantom of greatness, and dispose us in a strain of obsequiousness, which will do immortal honour to reason and decency, to admire a mule for docility, a tiger for gentleness, a wolf for magnanimity, an ass for parts, and a fox for honesty. We own whatever thou sayest to be true, and whatever thou doest to be good, thy duties to be the lightest, thy precepts the easiest, thy promises the sweetest, and all thy dispositions to be wisely, and well, and happily ordered. Intoxicated by thee, how many of our honourables and right honourables have turned their brains into a chaos, and their affairs into confusion, their houses into brothels, and their families into

stews, where dunces, dancers, fiddlers, fops, and friseurs only are familiar, wallow in liquor and lewdness, as hogs in a mire, make brutes of their sons, strumpets of their daughters, and spectacles of themselves. But the capital stroke in the whole of this whimsical and preposterous arrangement, which blasts for ever the fairest expectations of the fairest virtues, and feeds every sprouting and rising vice with assurance of success, is the present odd complexion of a certain expiring empire, in which the sexes seem to have effected a thorough exchange of qualities, the women are viragos, and the men pigmies, and every other thing turned upside down, and inside out. Here idiotism is invested with place and honour, and a goat or a swine guttles in a chair of state. The man of all others most notorious for duplicity and want of œconomy, who can submit to be fleeced by the merest scullion he has, is yet entrusted with our public treasury. An arrant poltroon* directs a war, the largest, most complicated, expensive, and mysterious ever this country saw. The best and bravest fleet that ever plowed the main is managed by an admiral† who never was at sea, and who never sought distinction any where but among whores and sharpers, bullies and buffoons. An old unprincipled miser presides in the bench of justice, and a second ferocious Jeffries treads hard on his heels. These characters, thus oddly sorted, we consider as the effect of thy choice, and a direction to us what qualities we should most cultivate, and by what exertions our strongest wishes are most likely to succeed. Nor have we a doubt of thy friendly attention and assistance, while duplicity, rapacity, cunning, hypocrisy, and perfidy correspond so happily with the genius and object of thy government. Measure but thy donations by our misconduct, and we shall dread no competitor. Nor do we ask forgiveness for any trespass against thy authority and laws; our own hearts freely acquitting us of all inclination or design of improving our minds, or amending our lives. Nor are we chargeable with excusing such as injure us. The most obsequious to superiors, being ever most despotic and implacable to those beneath them. Leave us not to the necessity of retrieving our character by once wishing

* *Minden.* † *Twitcher.*

ing to renounce what is bad. Never suffer us to incur the obloquy of repentance; nor make us infamous by the assumption of better principles; nor expose us to the scorn of the world by a contempt for its maxims; nor, in a single instance, permit us to relax in our pursuit of the least pleasure for the greatest virtue. Then shall we attribute with gratitude to thy maternal care, all those unnatural attachments and antipathies, gluttonies, adulteries, bribes, perjuries, cruelties, conspiracies, seditions, sophistries, and softnesses, which, jumbled together in an evil hour by some malignant fiend, compose the motley character, grace the manners, and perpetuate the memory of a Tory, a man of the world, or a fine gentleman.

Q. What desirest thou in this prayer?

A. I desire this same Dame Fortune who has given me all I have, and promises all I can wish, may still enable me and all our party by fresh accessions of wealth and preferment, to serve her and obey her as we ought and wish to do. And I do most sincerely and earnestly beg my salary, perquisites, douceurs, and opportunities of pilfering and robbery may never abate, that my equipage may at least be as gorgeous as my neighbours, my lacqueys as lazy, impudent, and salacious as their master, my daughters as cunning and wanton as their governess, as fantastic and waspish as their mothers; my sons as supple, and crafty, and dissolute as their tutors, as cringing, and brutal, and insignificant as their fathers; and that I may never want an occasion, and heart to demonstrate my contempt and aversion for the ignoble votaries of decency, sobriety, justice, and truth. May Whigs and whiggish principles be as abhorrent to me as water to a mad dog, stocks to a fool, and the gallows to a thief. May

I treat them, whenever they or their's shall come within my clutches, like the fellest of savages, who are said to tear and champ, and hash their prey with a grinning countenance. May I never for the future see a cur bark or wag his tail, a spaniel fawn or mew, an idiot drivel or simper, without learning from the sight how to sneer at a patriot, confute his argument with a horse-laugh, or, by the assistance of front and falsehood, fabricate an apology for the minister. May the genuine ebullitions of honest patriotic principles pass with the infatuated people of this expiring empire as a mere scramble for post and pay; the open and decided part their friends take in the great constitutional contest between ministerial insolence and popular umbrage as impertinence, and out of their sphere; their impeaching leading characters, and bringing to light the most secret official enormities, turbulence, and sedition, and their detecting hypocrisy, stigmatizing a temporizing habit of mind, and pouring a torrent of invective and sarcasm on public venality and want of principle, the unavoidable eruptions of petulance, ill-nature, and envy. I further pray that we may have a few more such extraordinary gazettes as have lately marked the genius of the present war, for hoodwinking the public till we have got their last shilling, that our enemies from no exertions of our's may soon hazard any pacific propositions, and that hostilities may continue while we complete our intended monopoly, and make an honest dividend of English property. This I do trust must necessarily follow the entire and salutary extinction of all patriotism, manliness and spirit, which of all other general or national events, is the one most universally and devoutly to be wished. And, therefore, I say Amen. So be it.

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE LXXXII.

THE Beauties of Swift; or, the favourite Offspring of Wit and Genius.

THIS author, perhaps, more than any other, is the reputed father of much trash. A genuine selection of what may be called his legitimate offspring is therefore doing a real service to the publick, at the same time

that it may be considered as a just tribute to a great literary reputation. The volume before us is on too circumscribed a plan to answer this valuable purpose; but it presents the reader with many of Swift's most excellent pieces, while those for which he has been so much censured, are carefully avoided,

LXXXIII.

LXXXIII. *Plan of the Chamber of Commerce; or, Office for Consultation, Opinion, Advice, Information, and Assistance, in all Commercial, Insurance, and Maritime Affairs, and Matters of Trade in general.*

WHAT opinion the gentlemen of the long robe may entertain of this plan, which seems peculiarly inimical to their emoluments, we shall not pretend to foretel, but we think the contriver, whoever he is, well entitled to the grateful acknowledgements of every honest, well-meaning merchant for applying his talents and leisure to an institution thus laudable and necessary.

LXXXIV. *Four Letters on important rational Subjects; addressed to the Earl of Shelburne. By Josiah Tucker, D. D. Dean of Gloucester.*

THE old tune, without so much as any new accompaniments. Here obedience, absolute, unqualified, and unremitting, is asserted as indispensable to every mode of government. Of all the political institutions devised and adopted for the purposes of civil society, monarchy is supposed, under certain undeterminate limitations, the least exceptionable. In order to flatter and amuse those who affect to be the masters and despots of the rest, the whole species are traduced in a language peculiarly foul and opprobrious. That generous and manly attachment to liberty, by which the greatest and best of men have ever been proud to be distinguished, and the most wanton, unprovoked rebellion are very obviously and intentionally confounded.

Our author's principal aim is to preserve things as they are, from an affected conviction that they cannot be altered but for the worse. It is, therefore, incumbent on him to exhibit the English constitution as, in every view, so absolutely perfect that it cannot possibly admit of any further improvement. This disposes him to explode all patriotism as inimical to order and good government, as if that which has once been prostituted in the service of vice could never after advance the cause of virtue.

The favourite maxims of this celebrated political Quixote have extorted no small degree of attention from the publick by their singular boldness and novelty. Some of the most daring and sophistical are these: "That the fewer voters the greater wisdom. That the multitude have no real right, either by nature or society, to give themselves any concern about their social or political welfare. That increasing the number of representatives must only subject the unthinking and

undesigning many to become the tools and dupes of the crafty and designing few. That those laws which bind all ought not to be assented to by any but such as have an interest in binding the rest. That all true legislation has just as much dependence on the consent of women and children as on that of their husbands and fathers. That men of great fortunes and high birth, whatever be their parts or their virtues, have a natural and unalienable property in governing all beneath them; and that, in pure complaisance to the great, the rich, and the right honourable, all the subordinate orders and degrees of mankind ought to be treated as fools and idiots."

When shall this inveterate and determined enemy of revolution principles cease from nibbling at the constitution and liberties of his country? All the great objects of general reformation though perfectly corresponding with the wishes and hopes of the community at large, are, notwithstanding, the avowed butt of his dogmatical paradox and sarcasm. One would have expected in the evening of his days, from the virulence and illiberality of his former publications, to have met with sobriety and truth instead of ribaldry and a sneer. But he is a living example that Junius had studied the profession minutely, before he pronounced the *resentment of a priest* to be implacable.

Let not, however, the strenuous abettors of publick virtue be discouraged or disconcerted by the impotent ravings of an empiric in politicks, who mistakes spite for zeal; malignity for wit, and an obstinate, pragmatical pertinacy for conviction or principle. Without affecting any of his foresight, it seems no difficult matter to foretel from the present bias of peoples minds, that all his exertions must ultimately prove abortive. And it may be said of him, in conjunction with the works of all who have thus officiously struggled to damp the expectations or suppress the indignant feelings of a great, enterprising, and resolute people, *that they are at best but the silly and impotent efforts of a mole to intercept the rapidity, or check the violence of a mighty torrent?*

LXXXV. *The Beauties of Pope.*

THE flowers of Pope's poetry are happily flung together in one small but elegant *bouquet*, by the selector of these Beauties. And those readers not possessed of all our bard's performances, by the purchase of this little volume may certainly, at a small expence, possess themselves of his best and most finished pieces,

PROPERTIUS, *Book III. El. 20, translated.*

TO learned Athens, love-compell'd, I
 roam, [fierce at home.
 There check those flames which burn to
 Each day, alas! I now behold the fair,
 Increasing passion feeds increasing care.
 With what repeated conflicts have I strove
 Against the pow'r of soul possessing love.
 Scarce she admits me—when admission's
 gain'd,
 How cool her air, her converse how restrain'd.
 One good at least from travel will arise,
 As distance gains upon us passion dies.
 Now, sailors, give the vessel to the main,
 And cut, with well-tim'd oars, the wat'ry
 plain;
 Quick! hoist your sails, the fav'ring breezes
 blow— [go—
 Adieu, my country—friends—resolv'd I
 Cynthia, adieu—whatever to me now.—
 Yes, I will stem the Adriatic flood,
 And prayers address to ev'ry wat'ry god.

* *The Adriatic and Ionian seas.*

Safe passage on the joining* seas implore,
 To reach the harbour on *Lechaëum's*† shore.
 The voyage ended, next my way pursue
 Where Corinth's towers arise, a stately
 shew!

From thence directly on for Athens then,
 Athens! the Muses' pride, and school of
 men. [care,

There will I read grave Plato's rules with
 Relax with Epicurus less severe.

Learn from Demosthenes's lore to speak,
 And master all Menander's witty Greek.

Or, a true taste acquir'd, enraptur'd view
 These glowing tints—that bust's proportion
 due.

Or, length of years, and absence o'er the main
 Shall ease my breast of all its idle pain.

Or, dying, call'd by fate, my death shall
 prove

Far less inglorious than if caus'd by love.

PHILO-MUSUS.

† *A port of Corinth.*

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, Dec. 23, 1782.

Extract of a letter from Capt. Thomas Pringle, commander of his Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, to Mr. Stephens, dated at Spithead, Dec. 13, 1782.

✱ ✱ ✱ Beg you will inform their
 ✱ ✱ ✱ Lordships, that yesterday at
 ✱ ✱ ✱ noon, close in with shore off
 ✱ ✱ ✱ Mount's Bay, I took the
 ✱ ✱ ✱ French cutter privateer La
 Legere du Dunkerque, G-o.
 Furnold, commander, mounting eight guns,
 and manned with 40 men; which privateer
 had been three days out of Brest.

Admiralty Office, Dec. 24, 1782.

Extract of a letter from James Luttrell, Esq. commander of his Majesty's ship the *Mediator*, to Mr. Stephens, dated in Plymouth Sound, Dec. 19, 1782.

YOU will please to acquaint their Lordships with my arrival here with the *Menagere*, one of my prizes, having left the *Alexander* to follow two days ago. It was my intention to have returned to England as soon as possible, for the reasons given in my letter, dated off Ferrol the 6th curt; but, having received intelligence from a neutral vessel, that an American frigate was ready to sail from Bourdeaux, the wind being easterly, I returned to the southward to be able to fall into her track; and, on the 12th of December, at seven A. M. we discovered five sail on our lee beam, made sail and gave chase: at eight their hulls were above water; they were forming in a close line of
 LOND. MAG. App. 1782.

battle, and shortened sail to their top-sails to wait for us; the headmost was L'Eugene, frigate built, of 36 guns, and 130 men, commanded by Mons. Le Capitaine Baudin, laden for the French King, and bound to Port au Prince; she lay with a French pendant and ensign flying: next to her was an American brig, of 14 guns and 70 men, with American colours; next to her a two-decked ship, the length of a 64, armed en flute, called the *Menagere*, French pendant and ensign flying, commanded by Mons. De Foligne, Capitaine de Brutot, of the department of Rochfort, mounting on her main deck 26 long twelve pounders, and 4 six pounders on her quarter-deck and fore-castle, with a complement of 212 men, laden with gunpowder, naval stores, and bale goods, for the French King's service, at Port au Prince; next to her lay the *Alexander* of 24 nine pounders and 102 men, with a French pendant, and an American ensign, commanded by a Captain Gregory, who appears to have been an Irishman, but has a Congress commission, laden with stores, provisions, &c. for the French King's use, at Port au Prince; next to her lay the *Douphin Royal* of 28 guns, 120 men, bound to the East Indies, having a French pendant and ensign flying: and having determined, without losing a moment's time, to endeavour to throw their squadron into confusion, and, if possible, to take advantage of some of them; and relying on the good sailing of the *Mediator* to bring her off, if I could not see a probability of success after a few broad-

4 L

sides,

sides, I continued bearing down, with all sail set, on the enemy, except such sails as might be in the way of quick manœuvres: at ten received a few shot from the Menagere's upper deck, which convinced me she had no lower deck guns, though she had all the ports complete to the eye; continued to approach the enemy, and receive fire from their line, and employed occasionally in tacking, wearing, bearing down, &c. At half past ten, having very much approached the rear of their line, it broke, the brig and Dauphin Royal crowding sail away from the rest; upon which the Menagere, Eugene, and Alexander wore under an easy sail. At eleven I bore down, and cut off the Alexander from her comforts; employed fighting both sides occasionally; and the first broadside, when very close to the Alexander, made her strike her American colours, and let fly her sheets; the Menagere and Eugene, after firing at us for some time, crowded all sail, and went away before the wind; boarded the prize, and laid her head towards the enemy, under an easy sail, to permit us to take out 100 prisoners, meaning to chase the Menagere. At half past twelve made all sail in chase, leaving the prize to follow, or bear away for England if we ran her hull down. At three the Eugene hauled her wind away from the Menagere. At five began firing at the Menagere, to prevent her aiming at our masts, by covering ourselves with smoke. At half past five had gained very considerably on the Menagere, and occasionally fired broadsides at each other. At six a sudden squall caught me, with three of my lower deckers run out, and obliged me to put before the wind, the water rushing in till knee deep on the deck, but with the chain pumps we soon cleared our ship, and as soon as she was safe I hauled towards the enemy, crowding sail to regain her. At seven began again to fire at each other, and our main-top-gallant-mast and fore-top-gallant-yard were shot away: continued constantly firing at each other till nine, when I had got within pistol shot of the Menagere's quarter, and put my helm a-weather to pour in a broadside of round and grape shot from all my guns, which she, being aware of, threw up in the wind, hauled down her colours, and hailed that she had struck. I instantly ordered my people to desist firing, shortened sail, and judging myself then within about five miles of the entrance of Ferrol, where they must have heard our guns, I hastened to get both ships from off the land. At eleven P. M. my prize, the Alexander, joined us. The fore shrouds and a great deal of running rigging being shot away, detained us, but in two hours we received two hundred prisoners more, and were able to make a little sail together to westward off shore. At day-

break we saw the island Sifargo, distant about five or six leagues, and in the offing the Dauphin Royal, with her main-top-mast gone, and other ways disabled; and the brig with all her masts gone, except part of her lower masts: I thought it however improper to risk the King's ship, by leaving ourselves with fewer men; for having sent fifty on board the large ship, and twenty on board the Alexander, besides manning the Spanish prize, I had remaining only 190, half of whom must sleep at nights, and the rest were few to work the ship and guard 340 prisoners; for this reason I hope their lordships will approve of my not chasing the Dauphin Royal and brig; the former stood in towards the land, the brig seemed returning to Bourdeaux, from whence this armed convoy sailed on the 9th inst.

On the 14th of December, at ten P. M. Capt. Stephen Gregory, of the Alexander, laid a plot to occasion the prisoners to rise, and hoped to have taken the Mediator from me; but through the indefatigable attention of Lieutenant Rankin, of the marines, in the disposal and regulation of sentries, &c. as a guard, and the lucky precaution we had taken of ordering the gratings of all the hatches in the lower gun-deck to be buttoned down with capstain bars, leaving room for only one man at a time to come up abaft, where, in case of an alarm, we had fixed our rendezvous, the desperate scheme of Gregory was prevented without bloodshed, the prisoners finding no passage where they could get up. The alarm he fixed on was, to fire an eighteen pounder gun in the gun-room where he lay, for he messed with my lieutenants, and had received every friendly attention. At ten at night I felt a terrible shock from some explosion, and heard a cry of "Fire!" I was soon after informed, that the lee port was blown away by the gun into the sea, and the water making in. As soon as I had wore ship on the other tack, to get the port-hole covered with tarpaulins, and secured, I went down, found the gun-room on fire, and every thing shattered that was near the explosion; Gregory, with his accomplice, dressed, though they had pretended to go to bed; and in their cot was found gunpowder, which they had provided to prime the gun with; and, in short, every proof necessary for a conviction of Gregory's having fired it for an alarm to make the prisoners rise: he had also endeavoured to provide himself with a sword, but being disappointed in his project, he begged his life. A cry of Fire! forwards was heard among the prisoners when the signal gun was fired; but all being discovered and settled, I ordered Gregory, together with those of his officers and men, whom I suspected concerned in the plot, to be put in irons, and kept on bread and water.

water. I think it my duty to trouble their lordships with this narrative, in justice to his Majesty's colours, under which no prisoners are undeservedly treated with rigour. The officers of the Menagere having always conducted themselves like men of honour, I was happy to have the pleasure of continuing them at my table, with the usual confidence in their parole; and the prisoners in general have had every mark of humanity and attention shown to them that our own safety would admit of. When their lordships consider the force offering us battle, and at first united to oppose us, they will, I trust, be convinced, that our success was chiefly owing to the exertions and activity of the officers and men in working the ship, as well as in fighting her.

The enemy's shot having been entirely aimed with a view to dismast us, fortunately prevented my officers and men from receiving any hurt: my lower rigging forward and some abaft was shot away; also the main-top-gallant-mast, fludding sail and yard, and fore-top-gallant-yard, top-mast, rigging, sails, and running rigging in general much cut, which, with a few shot in the bows, is all the damage we have as yet discovered to have happened to his Majesty's ship Mediator in the action.

Killed and wounded on board the Menagere.

Monf. Darmagnac, a gentleman of property in the island of St. Domingo, killed.

Three seamen killed.

Seven or eight ditto wounded.

Killed and wounded on board the Alexander.

Six seamen killed.

Eight or nine ditto wounded.

This list is taken from the report of their officers, not having had time as yet to examine the prisoners by list.

N. B. An account is received from the purser of the Mediator, of his arrival at Portsmouth with the Alexander.

PROMOTIONS.

Nov. **T**HE Rev. Mr. Taylor, rector of Watton, in Surrey, brother-in-law to the Lord-Mayor elect, appointed his lordship's chaplain.—4. The King has been pleased to appoint Capt. Stair Douglas, of the Triumph, to the Grafton, of 74 guns.—Capt. Mann to the Scipio, of 64 guns.—Lord Charles Spencer, to be vice-treasurer of Ireland.—Lord Grantham, to be one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state.—The Hon. William Pitt, to be chancellor of the Exchequer.—21. Capt. Calder to the Thalia, of 32 guns.—Dec. 6. Capt. Symonds to the Diadem, of 64 guns.—14. Capt. Everit to the Serapis, of 44 guns.—Capt. Otway to the King-Fisher sloop.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. **J**OSEPH Dykes, Esq. of Hackney, to Miss Braithwaite of Bloomsbury.—13. Thomas Robinson, Esq. of Kensington, to Mrs. Moses, relict of John Moses, Esq. of Hull.—Dec. 7. Samuel Rawlinson, Esq. of Manchester, to Miss Chorley, daughter of the late Dr. Chorley, near Leek in Staffordshire.—12. Joseph Berwick, Esq. of Worcester, to Miss Rogers, of the Mythe, in Gloucestershire.—George Williams, Esq. barrister at law, to Miss Winter, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Winter, of Brecon.—13. Rev. Mr. Willis, of Burton, to Miss Best, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Best.—19. Rev. Alex. Cromleholme, rector of Sherrington, Bucks, and vicar of Staines, in Middlesex, to Miss Martha St. John, daughter of the Rev. Ellis St. John, of West Court, near Reading.—30. At Mold in Flintshire, Mr. John Watton Reed, of Lincoln's-Inn, to Miss Sally Roberts, of Whittington, near Oswestry, in Shropshire.

DEATHS.

Oct. **A**T Coxheath, Capt. Townshend, 29. A nephew of Lord Townshend.—Nov. 8. At Fulham, Mrs. Anne Basket, daughter of the late Robert Basket, Esq. formerly the King's printer.—At Tottenham, Sir John Clarke, Bart. of Twickenham-hall, Suffolk.—11. The Countess of Hereford, daughter of the late Duke of Grafton.—Dec. 8. In Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, aged 76, Mrs. Marsh, sister of the late Sir Samuel and Sir Thomas Fludyer, and mother to Samuel Marsh, Esq. of Berners-street.—10. At Churchdown, Richard Colchester, Esq. Receiver-general of the land tax for Gloucestershire.—12. At Sunning, Berks, Colonel Daniel D'Anvers Rich.—Charles Gray, Esq. of Colchester, F. R. S. a trustee of the British Museum, and member for that borough in five parliaments.

BANKRUPTS.

JOHAN VETCH, of George yard, Lombard street, London, grocer.
Wallingham Collins, late of Charing Cross, Middlesex, money scrivener.
John Harraden, late of Chichester, Sussex, linen-draper.
Richard Colyerhouse, late of Sidney's alley, within the Liberty of Westminster, perfumer.
James Blundell, of the Haymarket, Middlesex, dealer in music.
Thomas Turner, of Blackman-street, Surry, iron-monger.
Angel Pares, of Somerset street, London, merchant.
Paul Metiver, late of Abchurch lane, London, factor.
John Frederick Bernard, of Christchurch, Surry, hat-maker.
Benjamin Oram, of Lemon street, Goodman's fields, Whitechapel, Middlesex, tinman.
John Cross, of York, haberdasher.
William Wigley, of Oxford-street, Middlesex, hatter and hosier.
John Sanders, of Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, miller.

- John Jackson, of Little Bush-lane, London, cotton-merchant.
 Thomas Blake, of Gracechurch street London, haberdasher.
 Philip Dormer Stanhope and Marmaduke Teafdale, late of Clarges street, Piccadilly, Middlesex (now prisoners in the King's Bench prison) money-scriveners.
 Mary Vanbergh, late of Brompton-row, in the parish of Kenington, Middlesex, dealer and chapwoman.
 John Hunter, of Tudhoe, in the county of Durham, common brewer.
 William Aulton, of Warrington, Lancashire, book-seller and printer.
 Thomas Halliday, late of Wakefield, dealer and chapman.
 Nathaniel Russell, of Northampton, innholder.
 Rachael Phipps and Robert Phipps, of Spital-fields, weavers.
 Richard Pitt, of the Haymarket, upholster.
 Robert Smethurst, of Manchester, callico printer.
 William Feltham, of Fleet street, hatter.
 Samuel Crane, of Kidderminster, dealer.
 Henry Norris, of Oxford market, cheesemonger.
 James Mason, of Bristol, tallow chandler.
 Joshua Marriott and John Hill, of Manchester, merchants.
 John Moss, of Frodham, Cheshire, woollen draper.
 Richard Collet Brancock of Birmingham, jeweller.
 William Greenhill, of King-street, Snowhill hatter.
 Peggy Lugg, of Penryn, Cornwall, shopkeeper.
 Thomas Bentley, of Leicester, hosier.
 James Pearson, of Church-street, Westminster, glass painter.
 William Norton, of Coventry-street, upholster.
 John Corke of Withyham, Sussex, dealer.
 Richard Day, of Holborn hill, cordwainer.
 Samuel Newton Riviere, of New Bond-street, goldsmith.
 William Galcoyne, of Rugby, Warwickshire, ironmonger.
 William Fowle, of Bethnal green, dealer.
 William Finch, of Littleport, in the Isle of Ely, ironmonger.
 Samuel Pattison, of Birmingham, shopkeeper.
 John Rochford, jun. of Stockton, grocer.
 John Evans, of Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, ironmonger.
 John Kennet, of New Bond street, coachmaker.
 William Whitehead, of Theobald's-road, merchant.
 Isaac Ruffel, of Wittersham, in the Isle of Oxney, Kent, victualler.
 John Sharpe, of Southowram, in Halifax, merchant.
 Samuel Watton of Baslow, in Derbyshire, dealer.
 William Flack of Weymouth, dealer.
 Thomas Porteous, of Lime street, merchant.
 Joseph Stokes, of Liverpool, dealer.
 George Idles, of Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, butcher.
 William Nock, of Dudley, Worcestershire, maltster.
 Ann Rhode, of Haverfordwest, mercer.
 John Power, of Edgbaston, Warwickshire, toy-maker.
 Thomas Damant, of Boston, brazier.
 Richard Hands, of Birmingham, button maker.
 James Spolier, of Nicholas lane, tallow chandler.
 Mary Clare, of Warrington, Lancashire, in linen.
 Benjamin Hollands, of Birtmorton, Worcestershire, cornfactor.
 Thomas Jones, of Seething-lane oilman.
 Isaac Green, of King's Hatfield, Essex, dealer.
 Thomas Haslam, of Chesterfield, Derbyshire, mercer.
 Richard Rossiter, of Heaton Norris, Lancashire, hat maker.
 Thomas Sanderson, of Doncaster, Yorkshire, druggist.
 Ann Randall, of Fleet-street, haberdasher.
 James Eastwood, of Portica, Hants, hawkers.
 Samuel Cannadine, of Cheapside, pastry cook.
 John Pain, of Ironmonger lane, linen draper.
 John Bennett, of Lamb's Conduit passage, Red-Lion square, button seller.
 John Burnley, of Southwark, hop factor.
 William Spratley, of Oxford street, victualler.
 Joseph Dore, of Abingdon, Berks, sack-cloth-maker.
 Thomas Hodges, of Wareham, Kent, grazier.
 Thomas Gough, of Clun, Shropshire, dealer.
 Thomas Willson, of Crossfield, Cumberland, merchant.
 Alexander Young, of Duke-street, factor.
 Richard Shute, of Red Lion livery stables, Piccadilly, livery stable keeper.
 James Grant, of Exeter, merchant.
 Walter Geast, sen of King'swinford, Staffordshire, dealer.
 William Anderson, of Stoke Damarell, Devon, vintner.
 Thomas Freeman, of Ombersley, Worcestershire, butcher.
 Thomas Watton, of Duke street, York-buildings, merchant.
 John Drake, of Highgate, linen-draper.
 Matthew Swift, and Andrew Morris, of Portsmouth, tailors.
 John Hill Winbolt, of Basinghall-street, money-scrivener.
 Peter Husband of Cannon street, oilman.
 James Hartley, Jun. of Easingwold, Yorkshire, butter factor.
 Thomas Langcake, of Torpenhow, Cumberland, dealer.
 Abraham Samuel, of Sunderland, jeweller.
 Urbano Doria, of Church-street, Soho, wine merchant.
 John Ellis, of Glanville-street, Mary le bone, butcher.
 William Shaw and George France, of Lombard-street, hosiers.
 John Manton, of Badby, Northamptonshire, dealer.
 Thorowgood Chalkley, of Finsbury, Middlesex, coach-maker.
 John Banks, of Bow, Middlesex, grocer.
 Robert Greenall, of Parson's Green, Middlesex, distiller.
 Charles Persan, of Jewry-street, Captain of the London, trading to Quebec.
 John Laycock, of York-street, leather-box maker.
 George Maion, of Shadwell, soap-maker.
 William Mountain, of Wood street, Cheapside, coach master.
 Richard Machell, of Liverpool, wine merchant.
 John Cheale, of Gracechurch-street, pinnaker.
 Montgomery Crothers, of Catharine-couist, Seething lane, insurance-broker.
 William Arch, of Fenchurch-street, linen-draper.
 William Meyrick, of Neath, Glamorganshire, vintner.
 George Tanner, of Stratford, Essex, starch maker.
 John Auther and Thomas Auther, of Great St. Helen's, insurance brokers.
 Matthew Sanderion, of Masbrough, Yorkshire, chemist.
 Luke Staples, of March in the Isle of Ely, grocer.
 Samuel Golding, of Bury St. Edmund's, yarn maker.
 Thomas Parkes, of Birmingham, druggist.
 William Price, of Cambridge, apothecary.
 Charles Wheeler and William Swift, of Shoreditch, brewers.
 Thomas Millington, of the Strand, merchant.
 George Needham, of Holywell-street, Shoreditch, linen draper.
 William Tyas, of Gloucester-street, Bloomsbury, tailor.
 Thomas Collins, of Oxford, shop-keeper.
 Robert Butler, of Sherborne lane, merchant.
 John Gilbert, of Groomsbridge Kent, shop-keeper.
 Judah Lion and Alexander Abrahams, of St. Mary Axe, merchants.
 Thomas Scrivens and John Davey, of White Lion-street, St Giles in the fields, dealers.
 William Nicholson of Cornhill, broker.
 George Smith, late of Canton, China, now of London, merchant.
 William Cooper, of Shoreditch, hosier.
 William Atfield, of Burgham court, Surry, timber and coal-merchant.

WEST-INDIA INTELLIGENCE.

Extracts from the Barbadoes Mercury of Sept. 14, 1782.

Copy of a letter from Sir John Gay Alleyne, Bart. Speaker of the General Assembly in Barbadoes,

Barbadoes, to the Right Honourable the Earl of Shelburne, then one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state.

Barbadoes, July, 6, 1782.

MY LORD,

I Have the honour to present your lordship with the following vote of the House of Assembly in this island, as it was unanimously and cordially agreed to at their first meeting after the late governor's departure.

Resolved, That the thanks of this House be transmitted by the Speaker to the Right Honourable the Earl of Shelburne, one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state, for his active zeal and ready execution of his Majesty's gracious pleasure, in the recal of Major General Cunninghame, from the government of this island, by which our country has been most happily released from an arbitrary and oppressive system of taxation, established by that officer for his own emolument, and this assembly no less joyfully restored to the accustomed exercise of their constitutional powers, which, by frequent and vexatious adjournments, had been withheld from them, under that governor, on no pretence whatever of the public good, and for thirteen weeks successively, to the apparent injury of the most distressed objects of the community. And to express the satisfaction of this Assembly, in the fond hope entertained by them, that the next object of his Majesty's appointment, as a successor to General Cunninghame, will be a gentleman possessed of principles and dispositions answerable to those wise and virtuous councils, which are at this time diffusing confidence and content through every corner of his Majesty's dominions.

But here, my lord, after so honourable a testimony of the public gratitude and esteem, how shall I presume on adding to your lordship's satisfaction, by any humble tribute of my own particular regard? and yet, having been a member of this Assembly, during the short but grateful period of your lordship's former employment, in the very post now again so happily filled by your much honoured name, and bearing in my mind, the just impressions of your lordship's candour, excellent discernment, and upright intentions in whatever concerned the interest of my native country, I cannot now behold, to all these respected qualities, such a noble ardour joined, as has appeared for the earliest redress of our grievance, without indulging myself on this occasion in an honest acknowledgement of such superior worth, or without congratulating my countrymen upon their returning under the same admired patronage again, at a juncture the most critical to our distressed affairs. I will, however, now no longer trespass upon those precious moments, which your lordship is employing in so conspicuous a manner for the general good, than while I sub-

scribe myself with the highest respect and consideration, My lord, your lordship's most obedient, and most humble servant,

JOHN GAY ALLEYNE, Speaker.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Shelburne, one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state.

Copy of a letter from Sir John Gay Alleyne, Bart. Speaker of the General Assembly in Barbadoes, to Samuel Estwick, Esq. agent for that island.

S I R, *Barbadoes, July 6, 1782.*

I Have now the honour of transmitting to your hands, by order of the House of Assembly, the enclosed address of thanks and congratulation to his Majesty from that House on the two late interesting and joyful events of this country, the recal of our rapacious Governor, and the victory obtained by his Majesty's fleet in these seas over that of our enemies the French. And I have the further pleasure of sending you, Sir, by another order of the House, a mark of the Assembly's respect for yourself, contained in the enclosed vote of thanks for the meritorious part you took as our agent in promoting the former of those happy events, to the great and general joy of this much injured community; a circumstance of satisfaction, however, which was much heightened to the House of Assembly by the strong assurances you have given them, in your letter to me of the 1st of May last, of the just and spirited intention of the noble and patriotic Secretary of State for these colonies, with regard to the next Governor's instructions, and security promised to our country by other resolutions of his lordship from the like invasion of our rights and liberties for the time to come; and yet to permit me to say here, what appears to be the sense of the House of Assembly on this occasion, that happy as we shall esteem ourselves under such a noble patronage and protection, we think that these rights and immunities, so grossly invaded by the late Governor, and under so extraordinary a sanction as that of his Majesty's council, ought to be secured to us by some determination more effectual than the good purpose even of the most virtuous minister, or the temporary instruction of the best of Kings; they should be secured to us, Sir, in our opinion by bars of a solemn, legal, and constitutional kind, such as in no future and less gracious reign, or under the influence of a less generous minister, our country may be ever exposed again to the like scandalous attempt, or at least that the attempt, if ever made, may be sure to meet the full punishment it deserves, by virtue of the laws, and by their help alone upon the injured spot.

I am, Sir, with all sincere regard,

Your most faithful, and obedient humble servant,

JOHN GAY ALLEYNE, Speaker.

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A general Bill of all the Christenings and Burials from December 9, 1781, to December 10, 1782.

Christened.			Buried.		
Males	—	8808	Males	—	9131
Females	—	8293	Females	—	8787
In all	—	17101	In all	—	17918
Whereof have died,					
Under two years of age	—	5320	Eighty and ninety	—	425
Between two and five	—	1221	Ninety and a hundred	—	53
Five and ten	—	536	A hundred	—	6
Ten and twenty	—	629	A hundred and one	—	2
Twenty and thirty	—	1479	A hundred and two	—	1
Thirty and forty	—	1816	A hundred and three	—	1
Forty and fifty	—	2164	A hundred and four	—	1
Fifty and sixty	—	1777	A hundred and five	—	1
Sixty and seventy	—	1515	A hundred and nine	—	1
Seventy and eighty	—	970			
Decreased in the burials this year, 2791.					

1
5
9
7
9
5
3
2
1
1
9
8
7
5

to

31
37
—
18

25
53
6
2
1
1
1
1
1

